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November/December 2005

THE HISTORY CHANNEL MAGAZINE

DREAM WHEELS

Our readers write about the cars they'll never forget

THE BIRD MAN

John James Audubon

MAPS THAT SHAPED A NATION

WHAT WOULD SMOHALLA DO?

HIS LEGEND LIVES BLACKBEARD

WIN A TRIP TO LONDON

PAGE 65

Official Magazine of THE HISTORY CHANNEL CLUB

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All of us have a car in our past that will forever inspire a smile. In this issue, members of THE HISTORY CHANNEL CLUB share their tales about the cars they'll never forget.

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Historians have long relied on old maps to understand how early explorers of America came to see their world. Now, thanks to one man's efforts to place his collection on the Web, anyone can study the details of rare maps as never before. **By John Toren**

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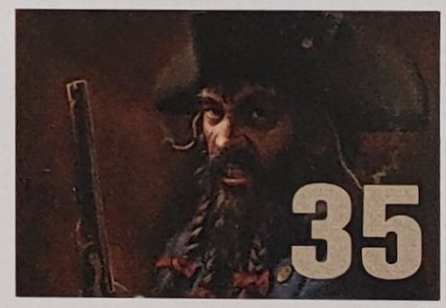

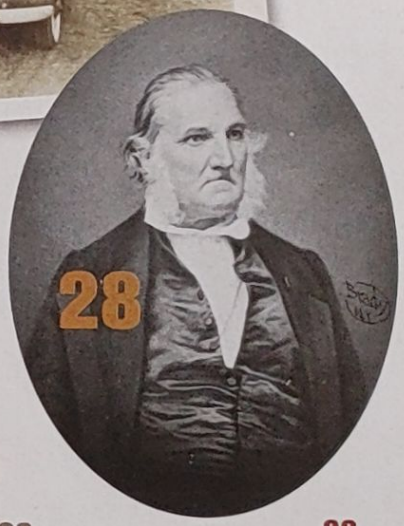

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With fire in his beard and fire in his belly, America's most celebrated pirate spread terror at sea. Alive, he became a legend, and after he died, the legend grew.
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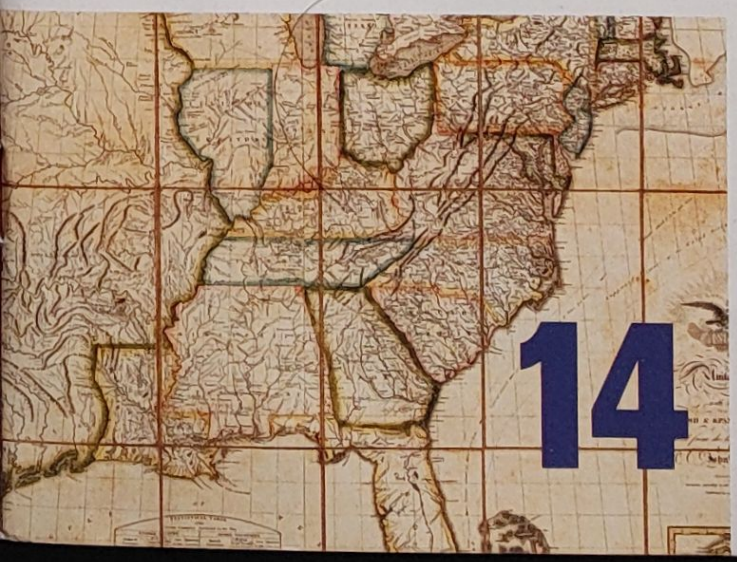
Some of our brightest and most treasured holidays fall during the darkest months of the year. Here's a little history behind how some of them came about. **By Bob Frost**



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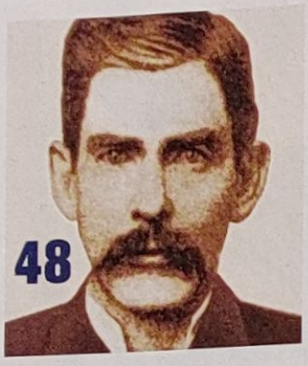

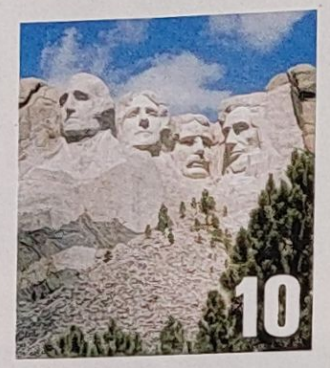

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Historians Wanted

Katrina exposed many weaknesses in contemporary American life. One of them was our grasp of history.

By Terry Monahan

In the scramble after Hurricane Katrina to explain how such a predictably devastating storm could have caught the nation by surprise, a heartening news item appeared in *The New York Times:* John Barry's book on the disastrous 1927 Mississippi River flood had climbed within the week to No. 11 on Amazon .com's best-seller list.

The 1998 book, *Rising Tide: The Great Mississippi Flood of 1927 and How It Changed America,* describes a disaster that killed perhaps more than 1,000 people (the total death toll is unknown) and left hundreds of thousands of people homeless. As in the case of Katrina, area officials repeatedly warned of the potential for disaster along the lower Mississippi and were similarly ignored. In both cases hundreds of thousands of displaced people were poor and black.

In both cases economics had trumped environmental threats as commercial development expanded on the lower Mississippi and along the Gulf Coast, paving the way for catastrophe. Though the 1928 Flood Control Act gave the federal government responsibility for flood control on the river and its tributaries, the government couldn't long protect an unstable delta region subject to hurricanes from its essential vulnerabilities. Katrina was waiting to happen.

Writing in the *Times* days after Katrina, Barry, a New Orleans resident, wondered if this disaster would leave a legacy similar to that of the earlier flood. Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover rode to the presidency on the success of the rescue effort directed at hordes of displaced people, but his later betrayal of African-American refugees drove blacks from the Republican Party—the party of Lincoln—and eventually into the arms of the Democratic Party. "Will [this disaster] cause the world to change the way it engages the environment?" Barry wrote. "Will it cause Americans to think about the role of government and this newly seething underclass?"

We'll be reading a great deal for months to come about disaster prevention, environmental protection, economic consequences, and social responsibility. In every plea for action will be a call to remember the past. Historians will refresh our memories and call upon us to act on them. Read their books. Learning from Katrina is impossible without the lessons of history.

Terry Monahan is editor of the magazine.

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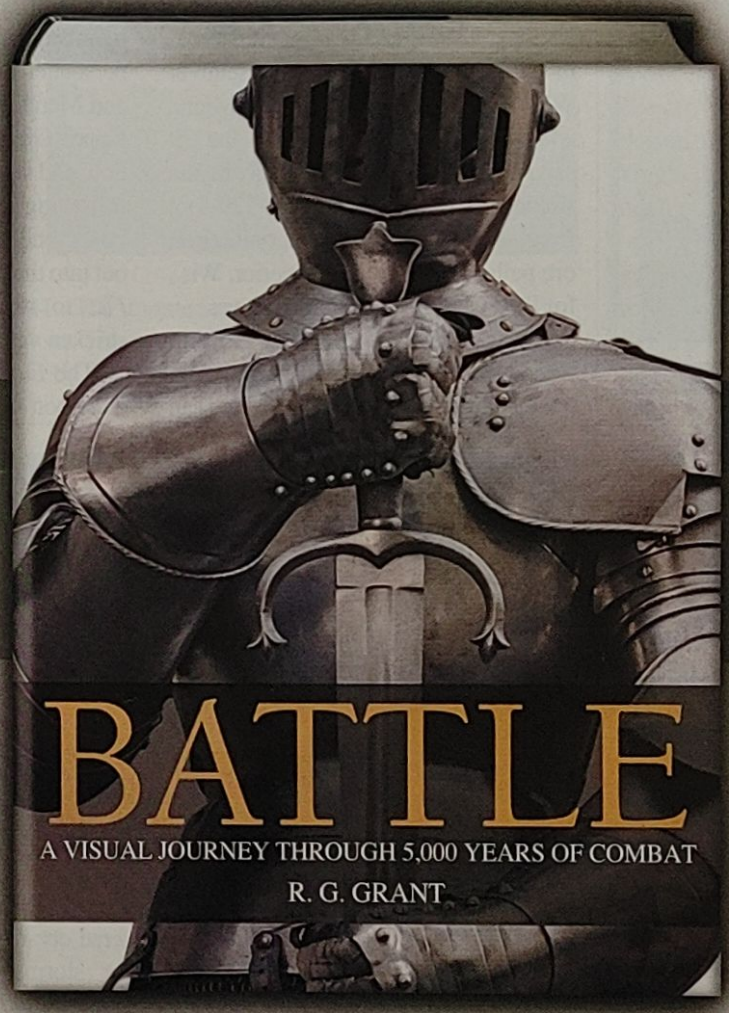

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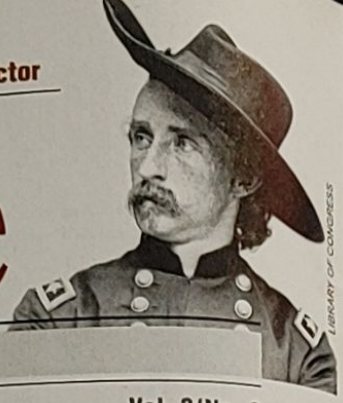
Gazette


LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

'The past is always a rebuke to the present.'—Robert Penn Warren

Vol. 3/No. 6

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

President Coolidge's White House tree raising, 1923.

Deck the Tree

One of the eagerly anticipated harbingers of the holiday season is the lighting of the White House Christmas tree.

The tree tradition at the White House began in 1835 when Andrew Jackson was presented by his chef with a sugar-frosted pine tree surrounded with animals made of icing. Franklin Pierce erected a Christmas tree at the White House in 1856 for a group of Washington Sunday school children, and in 1895 Grover Cleveland was the first president to use electric lights on a White House Christmas tree.

Ardent conservationist Theodore Roosevelt nearly ended the tradition when he would not allow his children to have a Christmas tree on the grounds that it would undermine his conservation program. He was dissuaded by arguments that thinning forests actually benefits the remaining trees.

The White House now displays at least two Christmas trees inside.

The Legend Lives On

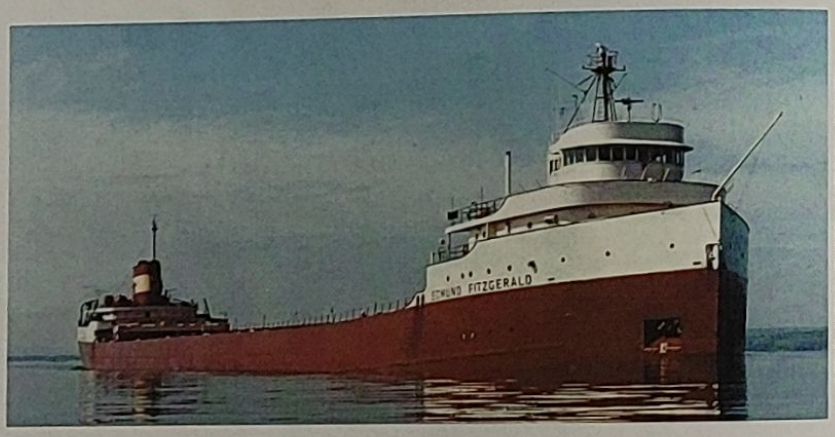
On Nov. 10, a bell that once graced the SS *Edmund Fitzgerald* and is now situated at the Great Lakes Shipwreck Museum at Whitefish Point near Paradise, Mich., will ring 29 times—to honor the 29 sailors who died 30 years ago in the sinking of the *Fitzgerald*. The 729-foot freighter was loaded with taconite (iron ore pellets) when it left Superior, Wis., for Zug Island on the Detroit River.

Christened in June 1958, the ship was at the time the largest "laker" plying the Great Lakes. (Today's lakers can be as long as 1,000 feet and carry twice the cargo.) The *Fitzgerald* now lies 530 feet beneath the surface of Lake Superior, just 17 miles from the safe harbor at Whitefish Bay; its fate remains the object of endless speculation. Its 200-pound bell, used in the annual memorial service, was recovered in 1995 and was restored at Michigan State University.

Though specific plans were not final at press time, museum executive director Tom Farnquist said the date will be commemorated with the annual ringing of the *Fitzgerald's* bell. Several family members of the lost crew, uniformed personnel from the U.S. Coast Guard and Merchant Marine, members of the Upper Great Lakes Captains Association, and sea cadets will be present. The following day, Ojibwa people will honor one of their own who ventured out into the same storm that claimed the *Fitz* to rescue sailors from another stricken vessel.

The *Fitzgerald* left Superior on the afternoon of Nov. 9, 1975, with Capt. Ernest McSorley at the helm. It encountered one of the most severe early-winter storms ever recorded on Lake Superior; winds were in excess of 45 knots, and waves approached 16 feet.

The precise cause of the *Fitzgerald's* sinking has never been determined and theories abound—from the ship's snapping in half under the duress of the storm to the Coast Guard's controversial finding that deckside hatches had been improperly closed, allowing water to flood the cargo holds.

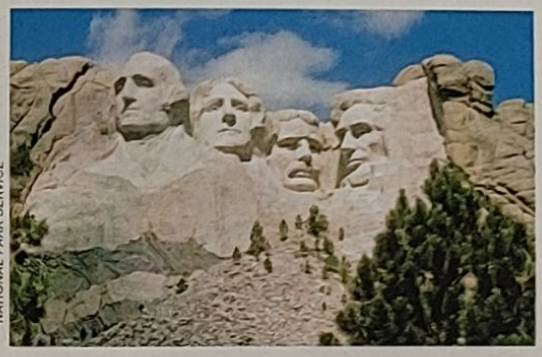


GREAT LAKES SHIPWRECK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Gazette

A Monumental Face Scrub

For the first time in their 65-year history, South Dakota's most familiar faces got a good scrubbing last summer. Alfred Karcher GmbH & Co., a German manufacturer of cleaning machines, did the work at Mount Rushmore for free. A spokesman said the Winnenden-based firm has donated about 80 similar projects around the world. At Mount Rushmore, the company removed lichen, algae, moss, and other organic material that could corrode the underlying rock.



NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

The work began July 4 and was completed Aug. 1.

One of the most recognizable of American monuments, Mount Rushmore was begun in 1927 under the supervision of sculptor Gutzon Borglum and completed by his family in 1941. The monument, which features the heads of Presidents George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt, and Abraham Lincoln, is managed by the National Park Service.

Arsenic in Royal Lace

Turns out old King George III, during whose reign England lost its American colonies, might not have been mad after all: He might have been poisoned.

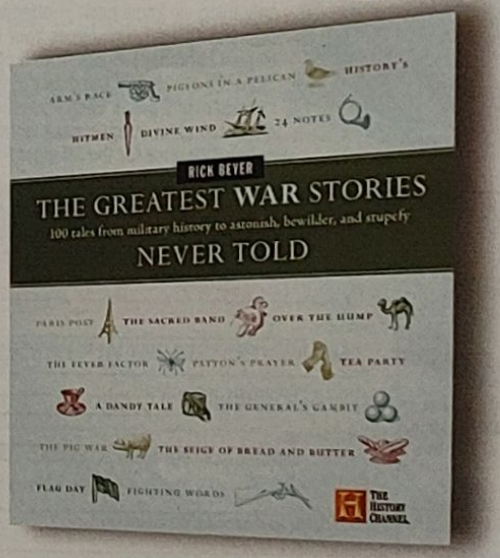
Strong concentrations of arsenic (17 parts per million) were found during an analysis of George's hair, according to a study published recently in the British medical journal *The Lancet*. The study's authors say the poison would have contributed to the king's severe and prolonged bouts of derangement. George III was believed to have suffered from porphyria, a genetic or acquired defect leading to the body's failure to correctly synthesize a protein. The condition was identified by British psychiatrists in 1966.

100 Tales from Military History to Astonish, Bewilder, and Stupefy

The elderly pig whose shooting triggered an international crisis

How Britain and Spain went to war over a sea captain's ear

The World War I battle that was stopped for a soccer game



Stories so good you can't read just one!

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Custer's Selenium Factor

Too much of a good thing might have played a role in the downfall of Gen. George Armstrong Custer at the Little Bighorn River.

The mineral selenium—necessary for good health in mammals—was a serious though probably unknown problem facing Custer at Little Bighorn, where he and more than 250 soldiers died fighting an estimated 2,500 to 4,000 Sioux and Cheyenne. According to Harold Hintz, an equine nutritionist at Cornell University in Ithaca, N.Y., the area Custer had traveled through was rich in selenium, a naturally occurring mineral whose concentrations are determined by local geology. In combination with vitamin A, it fosters cellular integrity and helps build strong muscles—unless too much is ingested.

Custer's troops entered the battle short of ammunition and supplies, which were following on pack trains traveling days behind. Because hay had been in short supply the previous winter and spring, the Army's horses would have grazed local vegetation. It is clear to modern-day investigators that the packhorses consumed prairie grasses with toxic concentrations of selenium, resulting in hoof deterioration and lameness—and extended delays.

The animals probably ate two-grooved milkvetch, a plant containing the mineral. It's unlikely that selenium toxicosis changed the outcome of the battle, however, since only the delinquent pack animals were affected. Custer died of arrogance, Hintz says.

'Roof' Rises

British "nature sculptor" Andy Goldsworthy's *Roof* has been added to the permanent collection of the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C.

At 48, the youngest artist ever commissioned by the gallery devised a series of nine domes constructed of slate designed to hold together without the aid of cement. Each dome is 6 feet high and 28 feet across, and each is topped by a hole. *Roof* is part of Goldsworthy's ongoing work using elements of nature.

Goldsworthy spent nine weeks, spread over four months, on *Roof*. Located on the ground floor in the gallery's East Building, the sculpture was inspired by his interest in the origin of Washington building stones.

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It's All True

At 524 miles long, the New York State Canal System, which connects the Great Lakes in the west with Lake Champlain in the east, is the longest canal in the United States. Built from its origins in the Erie Canal, it was begun in 1905 and completed in 1918. By contrast, the Panama Canal is 50 miles long, and at nearly 1,112 miles, the Grand Canal in China is the longest in the world. Australia is considering building a 2,300-mile canal to transport water to the capital of Perth.

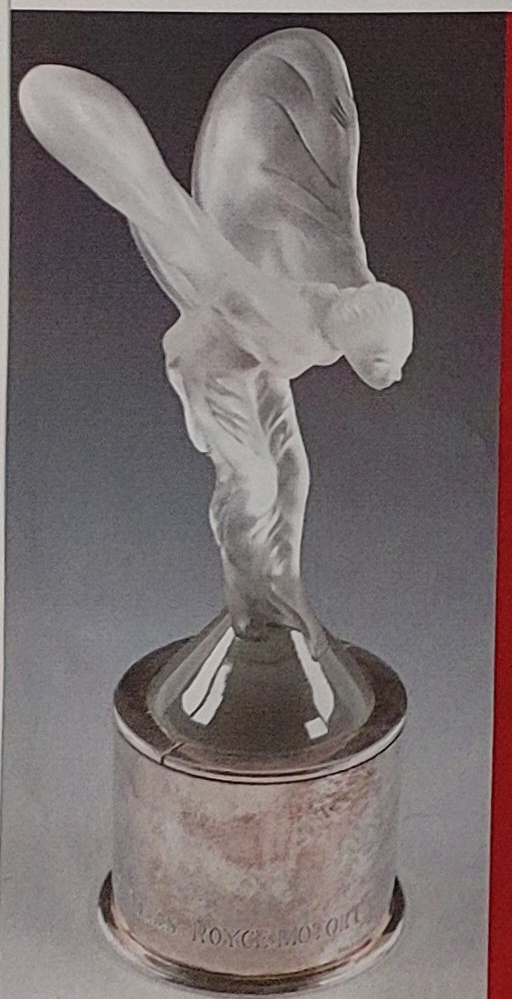
On Dec. 1, 1955, Rosa Parks was sitting in the middle section of a bus in Montgomery, Ala. As the bus took on more riders, the driver told Parks to move to the back. She refused and was arrested. This led to the Montgomery bus boycott and the end of segregation on public buses, and became one of the seminal events in the civil rights movement.

In 1990 President George H.W. Bush approved a resolution passed by both houses of Congress designating November National American Indian Heritage Month. (See this issue's feature "What Would Smohalla Do?" on page 23.) Similar proclamations have been issued each year since 1994.

Fifty years ago the moon first rose in the form of Jackie Gleason's face when *The Honeymooners* debuted on CBS-TV. The comedy still enjoys enduring popularity despite the fact that only 39 episodes aired. The show originated in 1951 as a sketch on Gleason's variety show *Cavalcade of Stars*. Gleason played bus driver Ralph Kramden, and Audrey Meadows played his long-suffering wife, Alice. Art Carney was sidekick sewerman Ed Norton, and Joyce Randolph played Ed's wife, Trixie.

The final major confrontation between U.S. troops and American Indians occurred on Dec. 29, 1890. Though estimates of the number of Lakota slain vary, about 300 Lakota adults and children are believed to have died along with 31 soldiers in the Battle of Wounded Knee in South Dakota. The soldiers died primarily from friendly fire.

James M. Tarbox is a contributing editor for the magazine.



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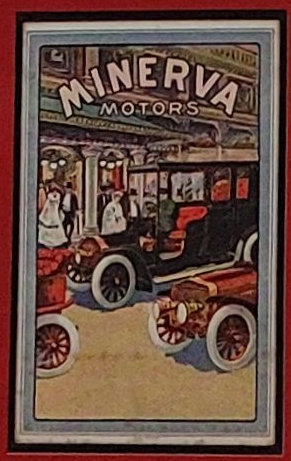

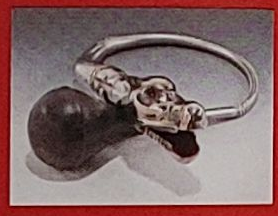

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Gazette

Attention Inventors

THE HISTORY CHANNEL and Invent Now Inc., a division of the National Inventors Hall of Fame Foundation, invite everyday inventors to share their ideas with the world through the Modern Marvels Invent Now Challenge. The most remarkable idea submitted will be named the Modern Marvel of the Year, and the inventor will be rewarded with a $25,000 grant.

The National Inventors Hall of Fame fosters invention and creativity through inventor recognition, education, and entertainment programs. More than a dozen trade organizations—among them the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office, the Intellectual Property Owners Association, and the American Intellectual Property Law Association—will support the Modern Marvels Invent Now Challenge.

Top finalists' inventions will be exhibited; finalists will be invited to participate in a seminar and will have the opportunity to be featured on THE HISTORY CHANNEL during Modern Marvels Invention Week in spring 2006.

From now through December 2005, invention ideas will be accepted in the following categories: transportation; electronics and technology; construction, tools, and hardware; medical; energy and the environment; outdoor and sporting goods; household inventions; pet and animal inventions; office products; education and development; safety; and entertainment and new media. For more information and to submit your invention idea, log on to www.history.com/invent.

Visit Old New York?

Visitors to New York City now have a place to go for information on history-themed tours for historical sites throughout the city, thanks to a new partnership between THE HISTORY CHANNEL and the City of New York. The new NYC Heritage Tourism Center, located at the corner of Broadway and Barclay Street, is open seven days a week. THE HISTORY CHANNEL also sponsors a Gray Line trolley tour featuring constumed historians who offer commentary from bygone eras and walking tours around downtown NYC. Discounts to select attractions are available when you purchase THE HISTORY CHANNEL New York CityPass. See history.com/nyc for more info.

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Transcendental Tourist

Adopted by artists and intellectuals and incubated in a few square miles of eastern Massachusetts, Transcendentalism was the 19th-century equivalent of rock 'n' roll.

By Kathy Monahan

"A nation of men will for the first time exist," thundered Ralph Waldo Emerson in his 1837 Harvard Phi Beta Kappa address, "because each believes himself inspired by the Divine Soul which also inspires all men." He characterized not only his elite audience, but also the distinctive American cultural and intellectual identity that was just beginning to flower. In its early years, the young nation possessed art and knowledge reminiscent of its European roots. But as the first American-born generations began to respond intellectually to the world around them, they generated a remarkable outpouring of art, writing, and philosophy known today as the American Renaissance.

"All knowledge [is] transcendental which is concerned not with objects but with our mode of knowing objects," wrote German philosopher Immanuel Kant in 1788; this "mode of knowing," the core of the American Renaissance, was the philosophy of a group known as the Transcendentalists, who believed in the divinity of the self as well as in collective social justice. Drawing their creative idiom from German and English romanticism, they sought to understand divine truth through nature and art.

Drawing their creative idiom from German and English romanticism, the Transcendentalists sought to understand divine truth through nature and art.

Emerson was the Transcendentalists' elder statesman, but their ideals touched almost every artist and thinker. Some, like activist Margaret Fuller, educator Amos Bronson Alcott, and writer Henry David Thoreau, contributed actively to Transcendentalist thought; others, like writers Nathaniel Hawthorne and Herman Melville, found their voices by wrestling with Transcendentalist concepts. While artists as geographically diverse as Brooklynite Walt Whitman and Amherst recluse Emily Dickinson were part of the movement, the cradle of Transcendentalism spanned a few dozen miles in eastern Massachusetts, where philosophy was the 19th-century cultural equivalent of rock 'n' roll.

Boston was the center of intellectual America. The original Transcendental Club met there first in 1836; while members lived throughout New England and kept in touch by mail, most formal gatherings took place in Beacon Hill's Brahmin community. Various homes along Pinckney Street housed Thoreau, Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, and the Alcotts at different times. For years the famous Parker House hotel hosted the Saturday Club, where Transcendentalists including Emerson, Hawthorne, John Greenleaf Whittier, and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow gathered on the last Saturday of each month for good living and high thinking. For less convivial pursuits, the Old Corner Bookstore, the Elizabeth Palmer Peabody Book Shop, and the Boston Athenaeum supplied a community voracious for learning.

If Boston was Transcendentalism's brain, Concord was its heart. Anchored by Ralph Waldo Emerson, who wrote his seminal essay "Nature" in 1836 at the Old Manse, his family home on Monument Street, Concord became a pilgrimage destination for his devotees. Nathaniel Hawthorne later rented the house and wrote about its garden in his essay collection *Mosses from an Old Manse*. The Hawthornes, the Alcotts, and Henry David Thoreau also lived in Concord for many years. Most of its distinguished residents remain there today, on "Author's Ridge" in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery.

On Lexington Road stands a home pictured in the heads of generations of readers: Orchard House, where Bronson Alcott housed his family from 1858 to 1877. His daughter Louisa May set her novel *Little Women* there, writing at a shelf desk built by her father. While her sister Elizabeth (Beth in the novel) died before the family moved there, it

WHAT TO SEE

In Boston

Omni Parker House, 60 School Street
Near Boston Common at the foot of Beacon Hill, this 1855 landmark is still a luxury hotel.

The Old Corner Bookstore, School and Washington Streets
Publishers Ticknor & Fields, which revolutionized American publishing by paying royalties to Thoreau and Emerson, among others, were headquartered here. The building currently houses the Boston Globe Store and Historic Boston Incorporated.

Boston Athenaeum, 10½ Beacon Street
Founded in 1807, the Athenaeum is one of America's oldest and largest independent libraries. Most of its facilities are reserved for members, but tourists are permitted in the first floor and gallery.

In Concord

Concord Museum, 200 Lexington Road
The Concord Museum houses one of the oldest collections of Americana, including Native American stone tools as well as possessions of prominent Transcendentalists.

Old Manse, 269 Monument Street (at North Bridge)
The site of seasonal Indian camps millennia ago, the Old Manse property was bought by Ralph Waldo Emerson's grandfather in 1770. It has been a museum since 1939.

Orchard House, 399 Lexington Road
Home to the Alcotts for almost 20 years, Orchard House looks much as it did when Louisa May wrote *Little Women* there.

Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Entrance on Route 62 W
The graves of Thoreau, the Emersons, the Hawthornes, and the Alcotts are on "Author's Ridge."

Walden Pond State Reservation, 915 Walden Street
Just outside Concord, Walden Pond lies on a 400-acre reservation popular for fishing, swimming, and hiking. Call ahead: No more than 1,000 visitors are allowed in the park at one time.

In Harvard

Fruitlands, 102 Prospect Hill Road
The site includes the farmhouse and museums of Shaker and Native American artifacts and culture, plus a picture gallery and 3.2 miles of walking trails.

was the setting for Anna's (Meg's) wedding and the canvas for May's (Amy's) artwork; in lieu of buying supplies, her parents allowed her to draw on the walls.

Of many living experiments undertaken by Transcendentalists, perhaps the most famous was Henry David Thoreau's embrace of the simple life at Walden Pond. Transcendentalists believed that the natural world was a conduit to spiritual experience, a theory advanced by Emerson in the essay "Nature" and tested in 1845 by Thoreau. Emerson lent him land on which he built a one-room hut, where he spent two years reading, writing, and observing. The hut is long gone, but a replica stands near the entrance to Walden Pond State Reservation. A cairn of stones, built by Bronson Alcott when Thoreau died, commemorates the hut's original site.

Another Transcendentalist experiment was the "utopian" collective community, or 19th-century commune. "Our objects . . . are to insure a more natural union between intellectual and manual labor . . . guarantee the highest mental freedom, by providing all with labor adapted to their tastes and talents, and securing to them the fruits of their industry," wrote George Ripley of his 1841-46 endeavor, Brook Farm. Intended to provide idealists with an alternative to the narrow capitalist societal structure, these communities sought—with varying levels of success—to balance communal needs with self-actualization.

None lasted long; Bronson Alcott's Fruitlands survived only seven months. Now a museum, the 90-acre farm remains immortal thanks to a short story by Louisa May Alcott, who was 10 years old during her family's sojourn there. The founders' principles included veganism, voluntary simplicity, and rejection of worldly activity, all formidable obstacles to experienced and committed farmers. Fruitlands residents were neither; the philosophers often traveled to proselytize, leaving Mrs. Alcott, the children, and one farmer to shoulder the work. "The world was not ready for Utopia yet," wrote Louisa May Alcott in her satire "Transcendental Wild Oats," "and those who attempted to found it only got laughed at for their pains."

Attempting to nurture the individual and advance the community, Transcendentalist thought spawned some of our most sweeping changes: women's rights, abolition of slavery, educational reform. Just as the Industrial Revolution was transforming society through social mobility and mass publishing, New England's Transcendentalists were making their voices heard—in their own time, and in ours.

Kathy Monahan is a contributing writer for the magazine.

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Maps to the Past

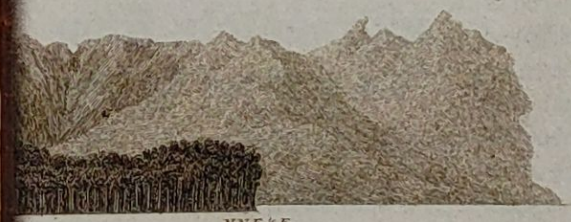
Historians have long relied on old maps to understand how early explorers of America came to see their world. Now, thanks to one man's efforts to place his collection on the Web, anyone can study the details of rare maps as never before.

By John Toren

Collectors admire antique maps for their delicate etching and hand-applied color, bearing the preciousness of rarity and the aesthetic allure of old-fashioned methods of rendering detail. Romantics appreciate them because they evoke the times when frontiers were still full of mystery, and maps offered only a patchy and incomplete picture of what lay ahead. Old maps, whether they are hand-drawn or mass-produced, make it possible for historians to better understand the actions and assumptions of the travelers, administrators, and military personnel who used them. Even today, government officials return to old maps to settle border disputes whose origins lie in the inaccuracies of the maps themselves.

However we choose to view them, old maps bring the past to life in a way that's seldom matched by other artifacts. And yet when we place similar maps from different periods side by side, it soon becomes clear that cartographers have often simply drawn upon earlier maps of a given region to fill in areas for which they have no firsthand information. In fact, some widely distributed maps are noteworthy for the skill and artistry with which material from a wide array of sources has been professionally assembled and synthesized.

For example, John Melish's Map of the United States in 1816, which measures three by five feet, is now considered a cartographic masterpiece,



N.N.E. ½ E.

John Melish's 1816 map of the United States (left and on page 16.) A.H. Andrews & Co.'s globe (left) dates to 1875. Background photo: George Vancouver's 1798 sketch from the Pacific Northwest. All maps courtesy of the David Rumsey collection.

John Melish's 1816 map anticipates the eventual continental sweep of the United States.

though none of the information it contains was new at the time it was created. What distinguishes it is how well Melish separated reliable information from cartographic fantasies and speculations, making use of newly published maps of the individual states, the recent mapping efforts of George Vancouver, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, and other explorers, and also information received in private conversation from returning travelers. It also happens to be the first map to show the continental sweep of the landmass across which the United States would eventually expand.

Melish himself was pleased with his work. Though the northern borders remained speculative, and much of the west and southwest was not under U.S. jurisdiction at the time, he seemed to see the entire future of the country. "The map so constructed," he wrote, "shows at a glance the whole extent of the United States territory from sea to sea; and in tracing the probable expansion of the human race from east to west, the mind finds an agreeable resting place, at its western limits."

Less skillfully undertaken, the practice of borrowing information can lead to the reiteration of howling geographic fantasies. For example, in 1622 Henry Briggs (a gentleman scientist who invented the system of long division still in use today) claimed to have seen in London a map of North America, based on a Dutch copy of a Spanish map, with California represented as an island. He produced a map three years later with a broad channel separating California from the North American mainland, and he went so far as to suggest that the channel afforded fair passage to such widely scattered places as Mexico, Peru, Japan, and the Moluccas. Dutch cartographers, who dominated the map industry at the time, took up Briggs' theory with relish, and soon the representation of California as an island was widespread. In 1698 a Jesuit priest, Father Eusebio Kino, walked to California from the Mexican "mainland," thus proving that California was not an island, yet the error remained on many maps until the middle of the 18th century. One well-known Dutch printer produced two editions of the same map—with and without an island California—allowing his customers to take their pick.

Often the errors on antique maps betray the human tendency to extrapolate from the known to the unknown—to fill in the blanks.

More often the errors on antique maps betray the natural human tendency to extrapolate from the known to the unknown—to fill in the blanks. During

the 18th century, when few Europeans had visited the vast interior of the American West, there may have been a certain logic—though little science—to the assumption that a river originating in the Great Basin emptied into San Francisco Bay. A more significant zone of error at the time lay in the northern Rockies, where it was widely though wrongly assumed that a single modest chain of mountains separated the headwaters of the Missouri River from rivers flowing into the Pacific. On their famous expedition of 1804-06, Lewis and Clark, to their dismay, found it to be otherwise, laboring for weeks to cross a seemingly endless succession of rugged and intractable ranges.

Miera's legacy

The most influential early map of what we now call the American Southwest was never published. It was drawn by Bernardo de Miera y Pacheco, who, in 1776, accompanied Fathers Silvestre Velez de Escalante and Francisco Dominguez on their expedition northwest from Santa Fe in search of an overland route to the far-flung Spanish outpost at Monterey. The friars failed in their mission, but the hand-drawn map Miera produced on the basis of his experience was the first ever made of the central Rockies. A quarter-century later, the German explorer and polymath Alexander von Humboldt, working in archives in Mexico City, found and drew upon Miera's map while working up his own map of New Spain. Humboldt didn't publish his map of the region until 1811, however, by which time Aaron Arrowsmith, a London publisher, and the American explorer Zebulon Pike had independently produced maps of the West, large parts of which were copied from a manuscript of Humboldt's map that he had shown to Thomas Jefferson and left with Secretary of State Albert Gallatin in 1804. Though Pike had been to Santa Fe, none of the three had actually explored the region. The surprising accuracy of their maps is the

The First Kansas-Nebraska Map

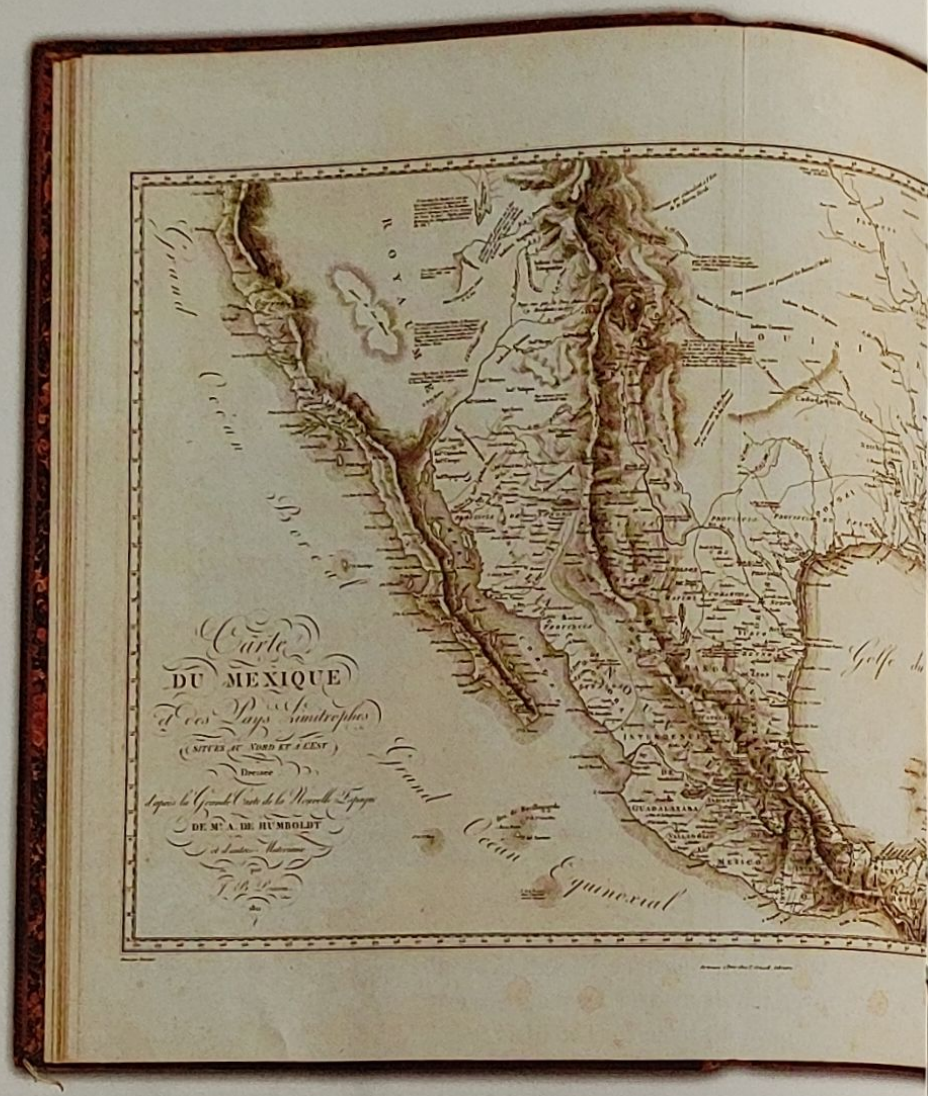
Perhaps no earlier American map captures a dramatic moment in history more vividly than J.H. Colton's map of Nebraska and Kansas published in 1854 (above). On this map Kansas and Nebraska appear for the first time. Establishment of these territories played a crucial role in the ongoing battle between free and slave states, which were battling for control of Congress, and they incited the largest land grab in American history. Colton's map marks out several prospective rail routes to the West—also a subject of fierce debate at the time. An inset in the lower right corner shows the Gadsen Strip, recently purchased by the United States from Mexico and of critical importance to both the slavery controversy and the contentious battle to choose a rail corridor to the west coast. An inset in the lower left corner shows the entire United States, for the first time bearing the shape we recognize today. Scattered throughout the blank stretches of the Plains, Colton has marked the location of Indian tribes, many of which would soon be driven westward by the relentless tide of settlers. Examining the Melish map of 1816 alongside this one is like looking at a picture of a sleeping toddler alongside a later one of the child as a robust adolescent.—**J.T.**

result of Miera's solid work of 30 years earlier.

Even today, new maps that fill gaps in our understanding of the transfer and development of geographic information across time are occasionally unearthed in archives. And a few legendary maps are still waiting to be unearthed. Undoubtedly the most alluring is the map made by mountain man Jedediah Smith, who traversed the West from the Rockies to California and from the Columbia River to Mexico, working as a fur trapper and scout long before whites were commonly seen in those regions. On engineer and commercial mapmaker David Burr's map of 1839, thanks to information gleaned by Smith in his travels, river drainages that had hitherto been bunched together have for the first time been accurately separated into a northern collection—the Yellowstone, Missouri, Green, and Snake—and a southern collection—the Platte, Rio Grande, Colorado, and Arkansas. Other cartographers made reference to Smith's map from time to time throughout the 19th century, but the original has never been found.

American cartography entered a more scientific era with the monumental work of the French explorer Joseph Nicollet on the hydrological basin of the Upper Mississippi. Working in partnership with a young assistant by the name of John Charles Frémont (who later earned the sobriquet "the Pathfinder" as a result of his explorations), Nicollet traversed the expanses of what we now call the Upper Midwest during most of 1836-39, taking readings of latitude, longitude, and altitude, and also recording hundreds of place names in the local languages. On the basis of the map he created using this information, Nicollet was selected by the U.S. Corps of Topographical Engineers to lead a second exploring party to survey the land between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers.

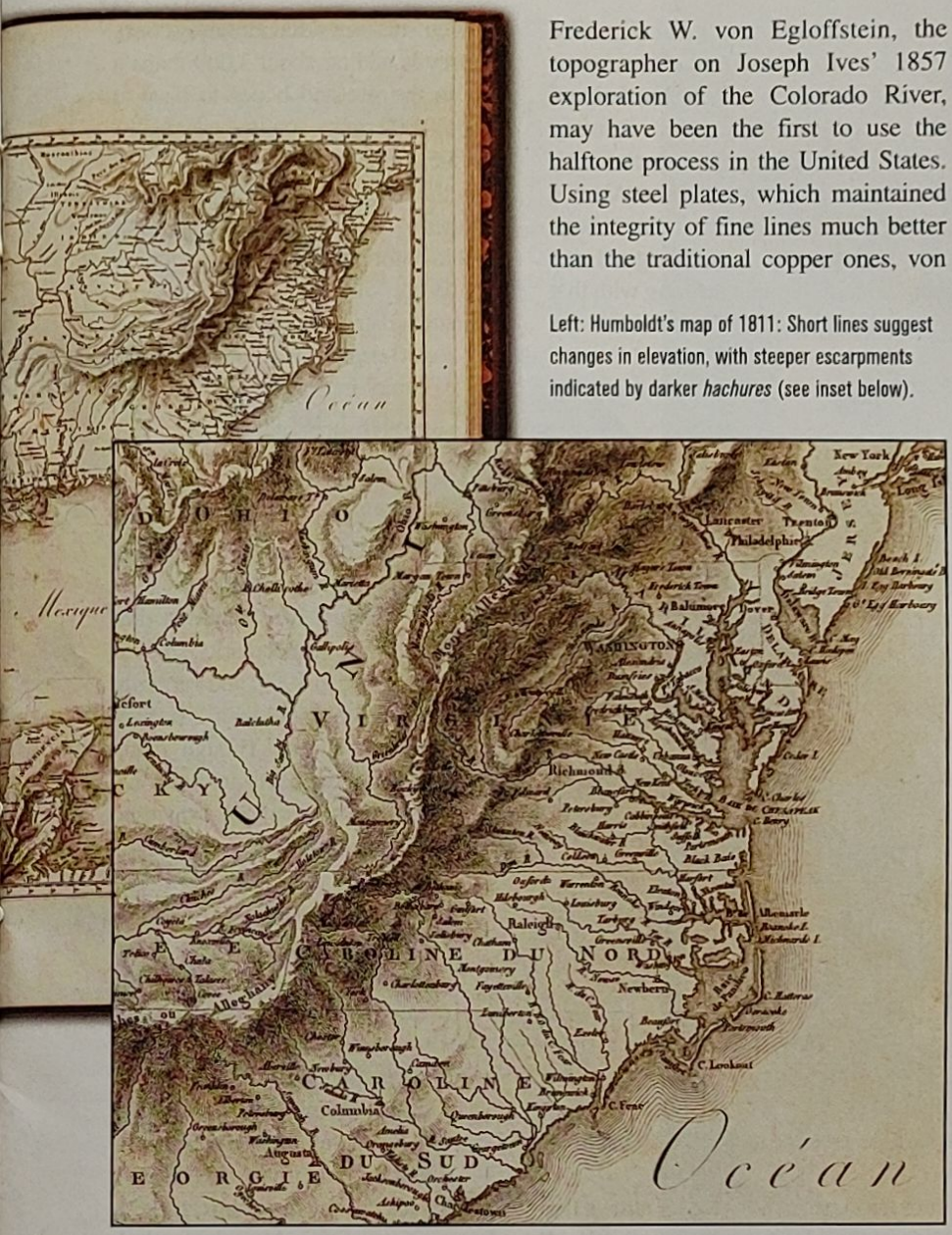
Nicollet spent the declining years of his life in Washington, D.C., turning



Humboldt's 1811 map was among the first to use the *hachure* method to render mountains. The lay of the land came vividly to life.

more than 90,000 precise measurements into a single coherent map. In 1842, with his work completed at last, Nicollet suffered the disappointment of seeing the engraver assigned to reproduce the work omit much of the complicated topographical information contained in the original. A second edition printed a year later contained more faithful renderings of the landscape, but the reduced size of this version made it necessary to dispense with many of the local place names. Yet even in these diminished formats, Nicollet's work stood unsurpassed for decades as a landmark of rigorous intellectual effort in the field of cartography.

Nicollet was not alone in his struggle to render three dimensions clearly on a flat surface. This has been a part of the mapmaker's challenge from the beginning. Much of the charm and beauty of early maps comes from the obviously hand-wrought stylization of natural features, but in the 19th century, as exploratory missions became more scientific, traditional graphic techniques—depicting mountains as



Left: Humboldt's map of 1811: Short lines suggest changes in elevation, with steeper escarpments indicated by darker *hachures* (see inset below).

rows of tiny hills in profile, for example—no longer suited the purpose. Humboldt's map of 1811 was among the first to use the *hachure* method of rendering mountains: Short lines suggest changes in elevation as seen from above, with steeper escarpments indicated by darker or more closely placed hachures. Though the absolute heights of dramatic landforms remained unclear, the lay of the land came vividly to life as never before.

By midcentury, as the technology of printing improved, more sophisticated methods became popular. Frederick W. von Egloffstein, the topographer on Joseph Ives' 1857 exploration of the Colorado River, may have been the first to use the halftone process in the United States. Using steel plates, which maintained the integrity of fine lines much better than the traditional copper ones, von Egloffstein developed a system of hachuring so fine that he could establish subtle variations in tone from dark to light corresponding to the rise and fall of the landscape.

By this time color lithographic processes—less accurate than engraving, but cheaper—had already been in use for several decades. Increasing use of the theodolite, a portable device that could easily measure both distances and relative heights, along with refinements in techniques for drawing contour lines based on the data collected by this means, resulted in color-coded contour maps identical to the ones we use today. The development of satellite imagery is merely one further chapter—though perhaps the most dramatic one—in the ongoing history of scientific mapmaking techniques.

Maps on the Web

Advances in technology notwithstanding, until quite recently parts of the North American continent had been only perfunctorily mapped. San Francisco map enthusiast David Rumsey found this out the hard way.

Rumsey, like many collectors, loves maps not only for their rarity and tactile beauty but also because of the windows they open to the past. A single dramatic event played a role in transforming this lifelong interest into a passion. While Rumsey was camping alone in the remote Owyhee Desert on the Nevada-Oregon border, his car broke down. The nearest town was 50 miles away, through a roadless desert landscape that had never been mapped in detail. Rumsey walked cross-country for four days, traversing canyons, fording rivers, and sleeping on the desert floor, until by sheer chance he came upon two men who were monitoring a remote underground pipeline. "Walking those miles was the most frightening event in my life," Rumsey later wrote. "As I stumbled late at night through the silently beautiful landscape, with a map that devoted only a half inch to the fifty miles of wilderness I was traversing, I gained an admiration verging on awe for the explorers who had had no maps at all to guide them. And I began to think about how important maps of all kinds are to guide us on our journeys."

A few years later, when the U.S. Geological Survey finally published detailed maps of the area Rumsey had traversed, he papered a wall of his office with them and turned to them frequently as reminders of that profound and harrowing experience. Then one day he spotted an old atlas—the kind small children study in school—in a rare-

book store. "It had copperplate engraving, with hand-colored pages," Rumsey recalls, rather wistfully. And he decided to become a serious map collector. Now, 20 years later, his collection includes more than 150,000 items.

A few years ago Rumsey retired from a lucrative career in real estate development and turned his attention to making plans for his vast collection—a collection that includes not only maps, but also contemporaneous works of all kinds that shed light on their references and meaning. "I have great respect for academic institutions and their remarkable libraries. I'm on the board of several of them," he says. "But I want to share my collection with *everybody*."

Joseph Nicollet's 1843 map of the Upper Mississippi River basin, the earliest accurate map of the region.

So Rumsey turned his thoughts to building a Web site. In 1996 he bought a Nikon camera capable of making 3,000- by 4,000-pixel images. In fact, the images he created were of such high resolution that when they were magnified on a screen they often revealed details in the maps that hadn't been evident in the original. The files were far too large to be accessed easily online, however. With the help of the Library of Congress, Rumsey tracked down compression technology devised by scientists at Los Alamos National Laboratory to reduce large files to 3 percent of their original size with no loss of quality. Along with that technology he added capabilities for subregion extraction, which allows the viewer to call up an image swiftly at screen resolution, then zoom in on any part of it in full detail. But it wasn't good enough. Only when he added sophisticated browsers to his site did Rumsey finally have the means to make his collection accessible online. He takes particular pride in the fact that as a result of this innovative implementation of technology, his site won the 2002 Webby award for outstanding technical achievement, beating out both Google and Sony.

More than 11,000 very high resolution images of historical maps from the Rumsey collection are now available on his Web site (www.davidrumsey.com). Rumsey is adding about 3,000 maps a year to the site and hopes to have at least 50,000 maps online eventually. The site also features options for examining the maps in great detail, comparing them, and even using GIS (geographic information systems) viewers to overlay old maps with modern geospatial data. He recently added a 360-degree view of his map library in San Francisco, a collections ticker that shows maps moving by like a stock ticker, and a 3-D gaming option to allow viewers to "fly through" historical maps of Yosemite Valley and other areas.

The site has increased dramatically in popularity since it went live in 1999, and currently it receives more than 2 million visitors a year. Though much scanning remains to be done, Rumsey's dream of providing widespread public access to the gems of his collection has become a reality.

"Historical maps have amazing tales to tell about the ways towns, boundaries, landscapes, and political activities have changed in the course of time," Rumsey says. "Thanks to the development of high-resolution map imagery, GIS, and the Web itself, now historians, geographers, artists, and independent scholars can explore the secrets of old maps in ways that would have been inconceivable only a few years ago."

For a guide to exploring the array of maps available on the site, consult the lavishly illustrated book *Cartographica Extraordinaire,* which Rumsey wrote with Edith M. Punt in 2004.

John Toren wrote about Japanese internment during World War II in the May/June issue of the magazine.

To explore other historic maps, visit history.com/maps.

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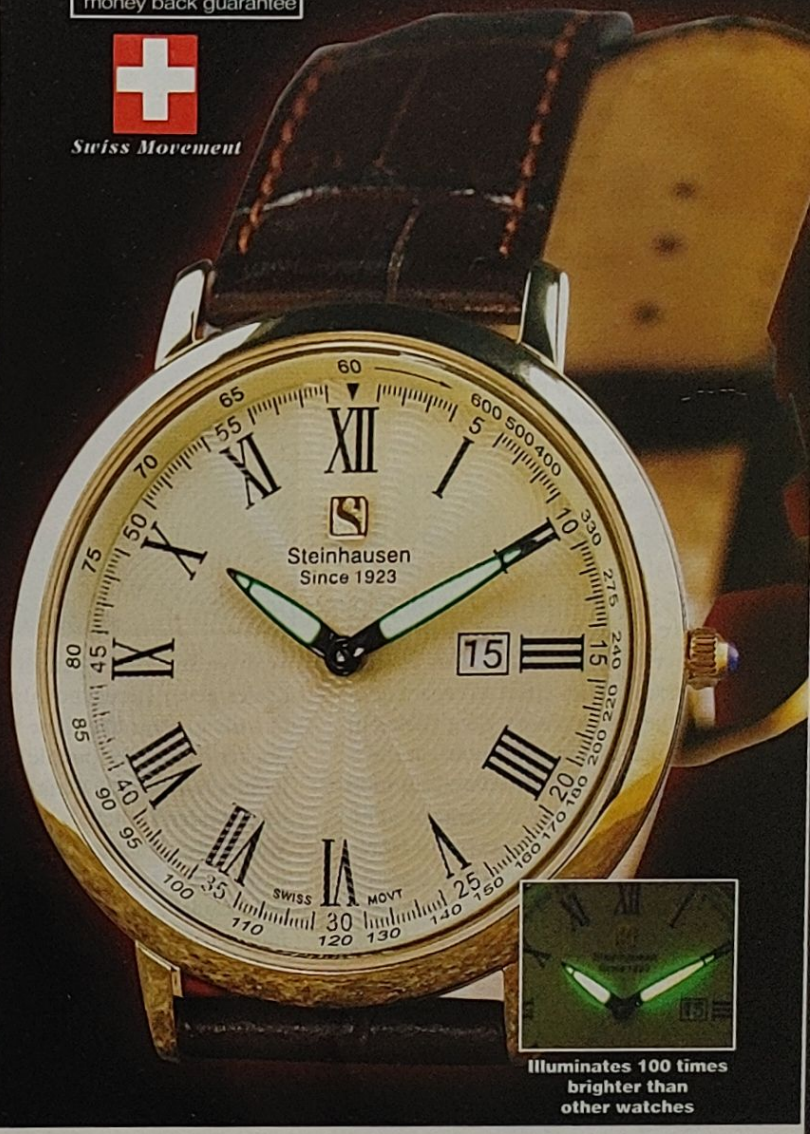

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Spain's mysterious loss was blamed on stormy waters. But was The Hunter hunted down — the result of stormy relations with its foes? *No one will ever know.*

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The Wanapum Indian doctor Smohalla (dressed in white, circa 1884) sits among his priests in the only photo of the prophet known to exist.

What Would Smohalla Do?

At a time when tribal identities were under attack, a Native American leader inspired a spiritual revival in Northwest tribes and a renewed resistance to acculturation and resettlement.

By Clifford E. Trafzer

In the early 1850s a Wanapum Indian doctor named Smohalla attempted to use his powers to heal his only daughter, who was to assume the mantle of spiritual leadership. Neither the holy man's power nor that of other medicine people could save the girl, who died of an infectious disease brought by *Suyapos:* white people. Smohalla sang with his people in an all-night funeral service and prayed at her grave.

Indian people say that the *Yantcha,* or holy man, died at his daughter's grave, his body becoming lifeless and rigid. They dressed him in fine buckskin clothing, adorned his braids with otter fur, and painted his face yellow, the color of death. They conducted his funeral in an A-framed longhouse—the men and women singing funeral songs all night, sending their prayers skyward with swan and eagle fans. They sang to *Nami Piap,* the Creator, and prayed for the prophet's journey to the land in the sky. Just before dawn, the ceremony ended abruptly when Smohalla's hand moved and the corpse sat up. The people left the longhouse and waited.

Smohalla asked one of his wives to have the people meet him along the Nch'i-wana (the Big River, or Columbia) at P'na (Water Swirl Place), not far from his village at Priest Rapids. There he reported he had died and his soul had traveled to the land above, where Nami Piap gave him new power to heal the sick, divine the future, call the weather, predict salmon runs, and interpret the meaning of volcanic eruptions. Nami Piap taught Smohalla several new songs, sacred rituals, and, most importantly, the *Washat,* a dance and ceremony in which seven elderly men beat *kookoolots* (hand drums). Smohalla introduced the people to the Washat, or Seven Drums Religion, a variation of the old Washani faith. From there he rose to become one of the most prominent Indian doctors on the Great Columbia Plateau of present-day Washington, Idaho, Oregon, and British Columbia.

Smohalla was born between 1815 and 1820 and grew up at Wallula, a village located near the confluence of the Columbia and Walla Walla rivers in eastern Washington. In 1818 the Northwest Company built Fort Nez Perces (later changed to Fort Walla Walla) on a commanding site overlooking the Columbia not far from Wallula. Smohalla grew to witness the invasion

of the region by whites who came to trap furs, buy horses, Christianize Indians, and open routes to the Oregon country. Along with them came contagious diseases and new land policies.

Wallula witnessed many changes from the 1820s to the 1850s, when Smohalla experienced his first significant religious revelation. Covered wagons, stagecoaches, and freight wagons rumbled through the region on Indian trails widened for wheeled vehicles. Steamboats soon plied the Columbia and Snake rivers, stopping at new settlements on the lower Columbia. The new transportation systems brought more white people, commerce, and demand for Indian lands. Smohalla had sought his *wot*, or spirit power, as a youth of 12, but he renewed his relationship with the spirit world when he was about 30 years old. Concerned about white settlement and the fate of his Wanapum people, Smohalla climbed the sacred mountain of La Lac near his home, where he prayed and sang, asking for divine guidance.

Standing by tradition

In a vision, Smohalla met Nami Piap, who told him to return to his people and preach that the Creator wanted them to reject American culture and return to the old tribal ways. Smohalla came down the mountain to proclaim this new message that the people should continue to hunt, fish, and gather as they had for generations, and not to work on farms, ranches, or in the mines. He told them not to drink whiskey, hoard their wealth, sell their lands, or move to reservations. To protect his people from the influence of whites, Smohalla moved them north to an isolated spot along the Columbia near P'na, later called Priest Rapids.

Smohalla lived in relative seclusion at Priest Rapids with his band, but he was greatly aware of the increasing number of "red-eyed fools," the soldiers who drank whiskey. His isolation did not prevent him from worrying about the loss of Indian culture and a growing materialism among Indians. The prophet's teachings resonated with many Indian leaders, but some, like Chief Homli of the Walla Walla and Chief Moses of the Sinkiuses, did not like him: The Wanapum prophet had not been born into a leadership family and he was not a warrior. Nevertheless, other Northwestern Indian leaders, including Luls of the Umatilla, Husishusis Kute of the Palouse, and Toohoolzote of the Nez Perce, made the Washat come alive among their tribes.

Several white people pointed out that Smohalla did not fit the image of a great Indian leader. In 1885 Capt. E.L. Huggins visited Smohalla and recorded that the Yantcha was overweight and not a large, imposing figure. In 1884 Maj. J.W. MacMurray described Smohalla as "peculiar": "thickset, bald-headed, and almost hunch-backed." In essence, he thought Smohalla was "not prepossessing at first sight, but he has an almost Websterian head with a deep brow over bright, intelligent eyes."

In spite of his looks, Indians and non-Indians recognized Smohalla as a great orator, spiritual leader, and doctor. He used these skills most effectively after his daughter's death at Priest Rapids and the prophet's own death and rebirth, when he brought back the

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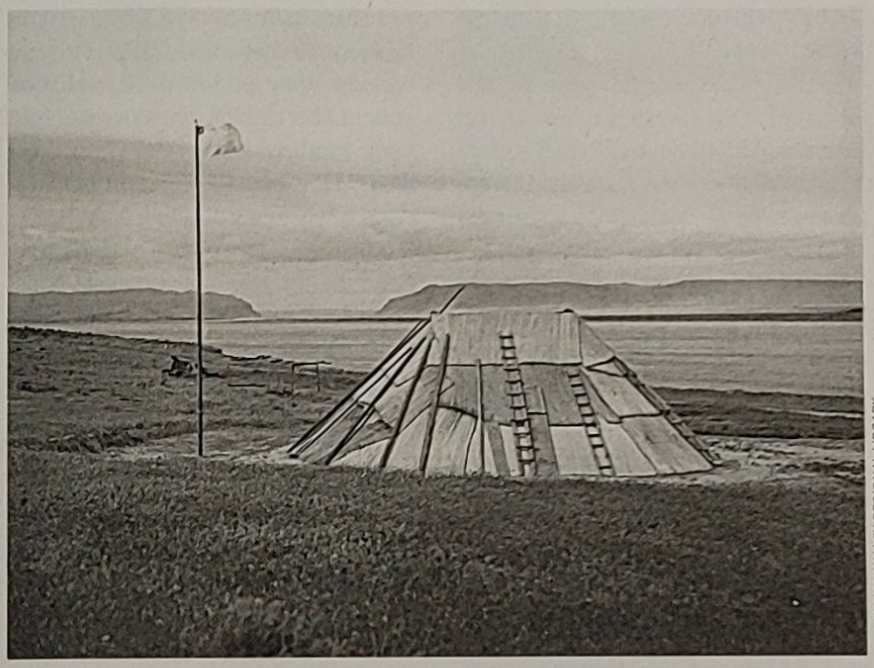
Puck Hyah Toot, Smohalla's nephew, stands with the prophet's six-pointed-star flag, circa 1950.



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Displayed when a Washat dance is held, Smohalla's flag flies over a lodge at P'na on the Columbia River.

Washat dance from Nami Piap. In response to the social chaos among Indians resulting from white settlement, survey parties, and the threat of losing their lands, Indians from diverse tribes accepted Smohalla's divine message: He returned to life to bring them new spiritual power and hope.

Indians from many quarters visited Priest Rapids along the Columbia to hear Smohalla preach, and Indian doctors learned the new ceremony. Smohalla taught the people to conduct weekly Washats, beginning on Friday and Saturday when the people prepared for Sunday's ceremony. Women prepared the food, men cut wood and hauled water needed by participants, and everyone helped clean the village, repack the dance floor of the longhouse with white clay, and begin thinking in a holy manner. Each participant wore Native clothing made of buckskins, and they cleansed their hearts and minds through specific rituals before following the prophet and six other drummers into the longhouse for the lengthy ceremony.

Nami Piap had instructed Smohalla to use *qualal qualal,* or brass bells, during the service as well as symbols of the sun, moon, and stars. The prophet made several flags to fly on Sundays, or whenever the people conducted the First Foods Ceremonies giving thanks to Nami Piap for creating the salmon, berries, roots, deer, and other foods. The people made a special blessing to *choos,* or water, the giver of life that flowed through the rivers like blood through veins. Smohalla taught the people to sing new songs and praise the Creator by telling the ancient stories that tied the people to the earth.

Indians from diverse tribes accepted Smohalla's divine message: He returned to life to bring them new spiritual power and hope.

Through Smohalla, Nami Piap urged the people to reject materialism, the division of land into parcels, the sale of land, and residence on reservations. Smohalla encouraged his followers to seek wisdom in dreams and learn "the highest wisdom" that could not be taught in words. He asked people to remember their relationship with animate and inanimate life. He urged them to be kind and generous and to hold onto their Indian identity. The prophet did not preach violence against whites, but he championed a firm passive resistance to their influence in order to maintain and perpetuate Plateau Indian culture.

Smohalla did not create the Washani faith but he revitalized the religion, adding form, ceremony, ritual, symbolism, and song. He harnessed spirit power, bringing it first to himself and then sharing it with others. He used his healing power to diagnose and cure the sick. When people violated Indian laws by handling sacred objects, entering forbidden lands, or killing animals without proper preparation, he warned that they would suffer spirit sickness, which could make a person ill or die.

Spirit sickness was an essence all its own, a negative power that other people, plants, places, animals, and objects could "shoot" into a person, causing sickness. Smohalla knew how to identify the invading illness and remove it. He also knew how to teach others to do the same. Indeed, Smohalla's medicine power was so effective that he was credited with curing his nephew's smallpox. Other Indian doctors treated the sick, but they often treated the symptoms and too often failed to save the afflicted from measles, chickenpox, mumps, cholera, tuberculosis, influenza, typhoid, and other diseases brought by newcomers.

Smohalla taught his doctrine and ceremonies to other Indian doctors, but in the tradition of his people, he concealed his *wot,* or spirit helpers. Under tribal law, Smohalla could not generally

reveal the source of his powers, which would bring spirit sickness to himself. Thus, he kept his "medicine power" to himself, but he used it to heal patients and provide hope for the distressed.

In 1853 the United States divided the Oregon Territory, creating the Washington Territory that included lands in present-day Washington, northern Idaho, and western Montana. The federal government selected Washington Territory Gov. Isaac I. Stevens and Oregon Territory Superintendent of Indian Affairs Joel Palmer to negotiate treaties with the Wanapum and other Indians of the inland Northwest. In May 1855 delegates of the United States and the Yakama, Nez Perce, Umatilla, Cayuse, Walla Walla, Palouse, and other Indian nations met to discuss treaty terms.

The prophet's protest

Smohalla knew of the treaty council in the Walla Walla Valley but he refused to attend. He remained at Priest Rapids to sing and pray, rejecting treaties and resettlement to reservations. Stevens and Palmer met several Indian leaders with written treaties in hand; they wanted the tribes to surrender millions of acres so that newcomers could own the earth that had once been the domain of Native Americans. Stevens and Palmer also asked the tribes to move to reservations, where agents of the Office of Indian Affairs would serve the people. Smohalla had warned Indians that one day the whites would ask them to surrender their homelands and move to reservations, and his prophecy proved true in 1855.

In his own way, Smohalla had preached Indian sovereignty. At the beginning of time, the Creator had given the people their lands and its bounty; Smohalla and other Indian doctors preached against changing this fundamental Indian law by accepting treaties and reservations. But the government pressured the tribes; Iroquois and Delaware Indians living among the Northwest tribes also warned them to be cautious in dealing with the United States.

Stevens and Palmer spent the first few days of the council explaining their position. According to documents from the negotiations, Stevens asked, "What shall we do at this council? We want you and ourselves to agree upon tracts of land where you will live; in those tracts of land we want each man who will work to have his own land, his own horses, his own cattle, and his own home."

Smohalla warned that one day whites would ask Indians to surrender their lands and move to reservations. His prophecy proved true.

The Indian leaders responded to the government's proposal in much the same way Smohalla had for years, pointing out the spiritual relationship of Indians with the earth. Lt. James Doty recorded the Indian speeches, using his own words to describe the Almighty. "We have but one Father in Heaven," Cayuse Chief Five Crows told the Americans, pointing up into the sky. The Creator "had made all the earth; He made us of earth on this earth; He made our Fathers." The sale of their land violated Indian law, which placed the people in jeopardy of spirit sickness, natural disaster, and death. Chief Peopeo Moxmox (Yellow Bird) told everyone that the Americans had "spoken in a manner partly tending to Evil."

Smohalla had often referred to the earth as his mother, the giver of life. Cayuse Chief Stickus used the same imagery when he said: "If your mothers were here in this country who gave you birth, suckled you and while you were sucking some person came and took your mother and left you alone and sold your mother, how would you feel then?" He explained, "This is our mother, as if we drew our living from her."

Cayuse leader Young Chief also mirrored the teachings of Smohalla when he spoke: "I wonder if this ground has anything to say: I wonder if the ground is listening to what is said. I wonder if the ground would come to life and what is on it; though I hear what this earth says." Using Judeo-Christian terminology, the interpreter recorded Young Chief as saying: "The Earth says, that God tells me to take care of the Indians on this earth. . . . God named the roots that he should feed the Indians on: The water speaks the same way. . . . The grass says the same thing: Feed the horses and cattle."

The Creator had given all life their names, and "neither the Indians or the Whites have a right to change those names," Young Chief said. The chief believed that the Almighty had created all things and placed them on the earth. The Creator had instructed the Indians "to take good care of the earth and do each other no harm."

Yakama Chief Owhi also represented the teachings of Smohalla when he said: "God gave us day and night, the night to rest in, and the day to see, and that as long as the earth shall last, he gave us the morning with our breath; and so he takes care of us on this earth and here we have met under his care." He questioned the ways of the newcomers in much the same manner as Smohalla. "Is the earth before the day or the day before the earth?" Owhi asked. "God was before the earth, the heavens were clear and good and all things in the heavens were good. God looked one way then the other and named our lands for us to take care of." Smohalla often pointed out that Nami Piap had named the lands for the various tribes and had instructed them to take care of the animals, plants, and

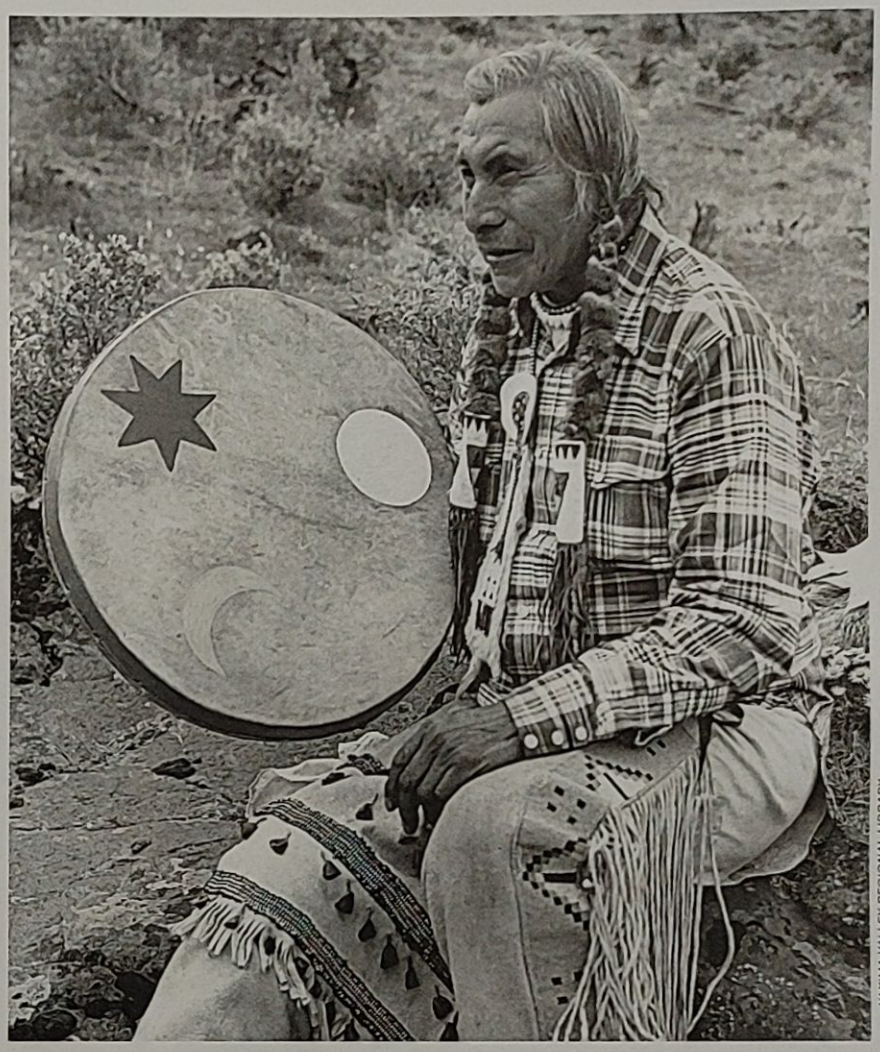
places. The people had a sacred duty to care for their world, and the Creator could punish the Indians if they neglected their sacred charge.

Smohalla taught that Nami Piap represented the superior law for humankind, and that the policies of the United Stated violated that law. Owhi concurred when he told Stevens and Palmer that the Creator had "made this earth and it listens to him to know what he would decide."

Owhi said he did not want to surrender his lands. "Shall I steal this land and sell it?" Owhi asked. "Shall I give the lands that are part of my body and leave myself poor and destitute? Shall I say that I will give you my lands? I cannot . . . I am afraid of the Almighty." Still, as much as the leaders feared the Creator's wrath, many of them agreed to sell large portions of their land in order to prevent bloodshed and the loss of *all* their land: They knew the United States' history of taking Indian lands and removing the people.

In June 1855 some of the Indian leaders agreed to sign three treaties with the United States, creating the Yakama, Umatilla, and Nez Perce reservations. Smohalla never signed a treaty, but at one point when the government threatened him, he reportedly agreed to move to the Yakama Reservation. But Smohalla and his followers held fast to their beliefs, and many—including Smohalla—never moved permanently to a reservation. Some of Smohalla's people still live at Priest Rapids, and they still practice the Seven Drums Religion, dancing the Washat.

Indian leaders at the Walla Walla Council used the precepts of Smohalla's teachings to respond to the Americans, and in 1876 and 1877 several Nez Perce *tooats,* or Indian doctors, also used Smohalla's doctrines to explain their spiritual beliefs. Since the 1850s Indian leaders throughout the Northwest have drawn on the prophet's words and power to address contemporary issues involving fishing, hunting, and grazing rights, and they have looked to Smohalla and others for guidance in advancing Indian sovereignty.



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Puck Hyah Toot, shown in ceremonial dress circa 1950, continued the Washat religion into the 20th century.

The prophet lived out his life at Priest Rapids but he often conducted ceremonies on reservations. In 1895, after traveling to Satus in present-day Washington for a memorial ceremony, he became disoriented and then predicted his own death, saying, "Don't be sorry for me; I will be seeing you in the sky." Smohalla died, and the people painted religious symbols on his face and held a large funeral in the Washat tradition. They wrapped his body in woven mats and buried him in the Satus cemetery with two of his special flags.

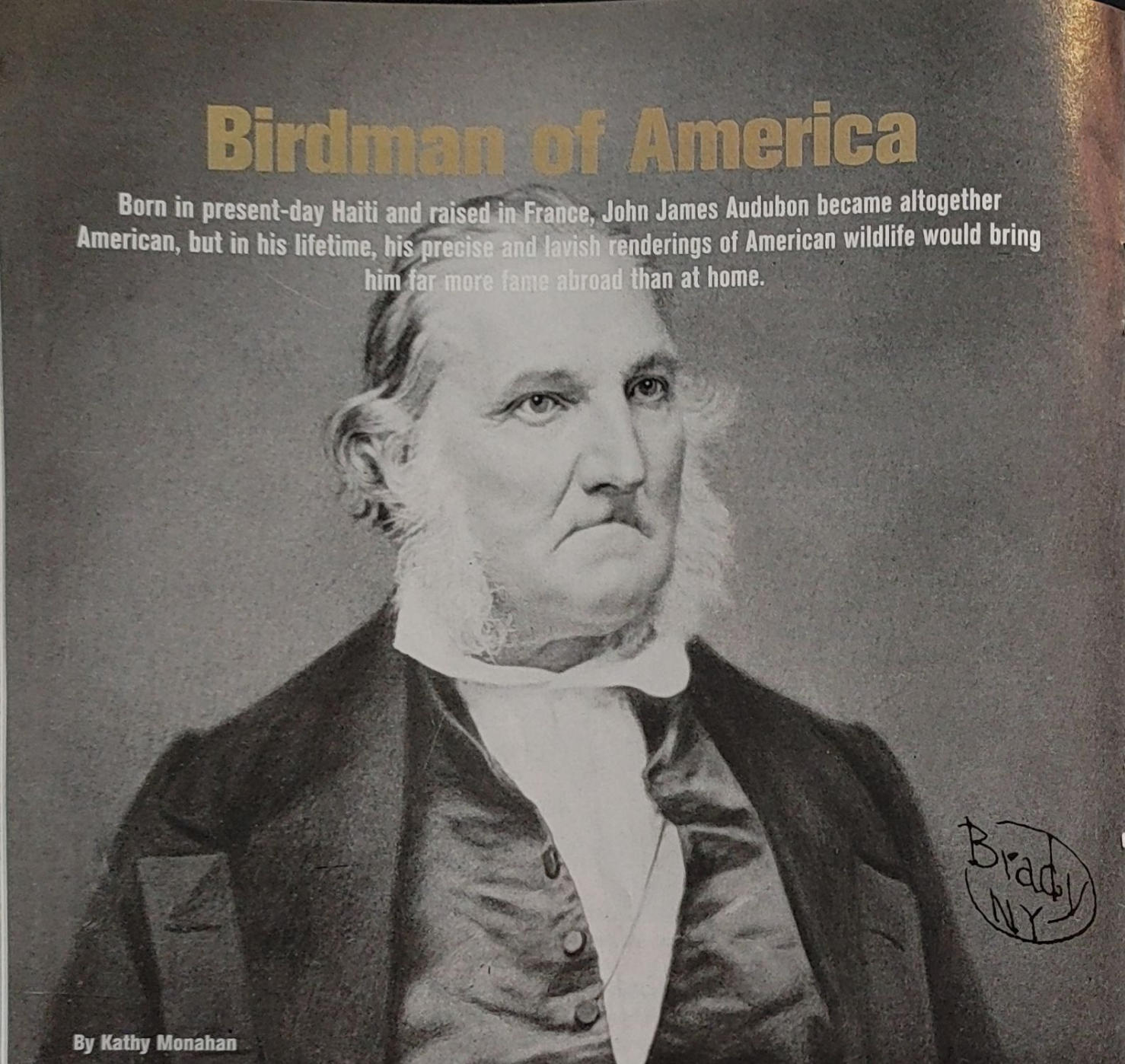
Indian people say that Smohalla's spirit remains at Priest Rapids and his power still echoes in the canyons, hills, and mountains through his holy songs, ceremonies, and rituals. Some Indian people still practice the Washat, and they conduct sacred gatherings to renew their health and spirit. Smohalla's power lives on through the people who have not forgotten the Wanapum Yantcha or his teachings.

Clifford E. Trafzer, *author of* American Indian Prophets, *is professor of American Indian history at the University of California, Riverside. He co-published with Gerald McMaster the inaugural book of the Smithsonian's National Museum of the American Indian,* Native Universe: Voices of Indian America.

Visit history.com/tdih to learn more about Indian tribes of the Old West.

Birdman of America

Born in present-day Haiti and raised in France, John James Audubon became altogether American, but in his lifetime, his precise and lavish renderings of American wildlife would bring him far more fame abroad than at home.



By Kathy Monahan

John James Audubon was in his way the most quintessentially American of men. An immigrant, he embraced his adopted land and its culture with a tangible enthusiasm. An entrepreneur, he strove through hard work and faith to lift himself from debt-ridden poverty to international fame and fortune. A frontiersman, he lived for years at the edge of inhabited America and often left it altogether for prolonged journeys into the wild. At his death in 1851, he left a body of work so ambitious in its scope and so brilliant in its execution that it remains a benchmark for ornithological art to this day.

Audubon kept his origin deliberately obscure. Born Jean Rabin in Santo Domingo (now Haiti) in 1785, he was the illegitimate son of Jean Audubon, a French sea captain and plantation owner, and his French chambermaid Jeanne Rabin. His mother having died within a few months of his birth, he was returned to France and raised Jean-Jacques Fougère Audubon by his father and stepmother in Nantes. In an age when a man was measured largely by the circumstances of his birth, illegitimacy was kept a dark secret, and to the end of his life Audubon covered the stain with half-truths.

When he was 18, the worrisome prospect of Napoleon's military draft led young Audubon to the decision that would shape his life: emigration to the United States. Handsome, accomplished, and energetic, with his father's sponsorship behind him, he had no reason not to prosper in the New World. Jean Audubon owned a small estate near Philadelphia called Mill Grove, and his son arrived there in 1803. A committed amateur of natural history

since his childhood in Nantes, Audubon made time for hunting and drawing while nominally overseeing work at Mill Grove. His devotion to his hobby, along with a fondness for congenial society and a decided charm, earned him the reputation of a dilettante among the solid citizens of the region. Most of the first year Audubon spent in America was occupied by hunting, dancing, skating, and nature study.

But in spite of his seeming indolence, he was quietly laying the foundation for his eventual life's work with his innovations in the observation and reproduction of nature. In a cave at Mill Grove he undertook his first long-term ornithological study, watching a nest of eastern phoebes for hours on end and finally coming up with the idea of tying strings around their legs to identify them and monitor their migration and homing habits. It was the first known bird-banding experiment undertaken in America.

At the same time, Audubon was getting to know his neighbors—specifically, an English family named Bakewell at the neighboring estate of Fatland Ford. His particular interest was in the oldest daughter of the family, 17-year-old Lucy, who soon made it known that she returned his regard.

Bringing birds to life

While he courted the girl next door, Audubon was working toward a distinct artistic goal: essentially, to bring the birds he drew to life. Ornithological depictions in those days, whether in illustration or taxidermy, were stiff to the point of being meaningless, with the birds in rigid and lifeless postures devoid of behavioral characteristics. To a certain extent this was inevitable: In the days before photography, the only way to hold a wild bird still for long enough to capture it on paper was to kill it. After that, a dead bird was a dead bird, no matter how it was drawn.

Recognizing this, Audubon began a series of unsatisfying experiments with his specimens. Some he hung from one foot to display the spread of the wings ("In this manner I made some pretty fair signboards for poulterers," he later wrote). Some he suspended from strings like puppets ("I had something like life before me, yet much was wanting"). Finally he tried constructing a posable figure ("It was a very tolerable looking 'Dodo'"). Nothing gave him the results he wanted.

The solution apparently came to him in a dream: By fixing a specimen to a board with sharpened wires and common pins, he could pose it in any way he wanted, controlling the pose down to the last tail feather. By inscribing the board with a grid, he added a means to indicate foreshortening. All that remained between Audubon and the verisimilitude he craved was years—and years—of practice and observation.

ALL ILLUSTRATIONS COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY

John James Audubon (left), photographed by Matthew Brady. An avid naturalist, Audubon kept some birds, such as the wild turkey (right), as pets.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

John James LaForest Audubon and Lucy Green Bakewell were married on April 5, 1808, just over four years after their first meeting. He had given up Mill Grove, and in partnership with his friend Ferdinand Rozier, he planned to travel to the frontier town of Louisville, Ky., and take his place there as a commodities merchant. Soon after their wedding, the Audubons were floating down the Ohio River on a flatboat, accompanied by Rozier, Lucy's furniture, and boxes of merchandise for the new venture.

The town of Louisville, less than 30 years old, was a natural home for a young naturalist-businessman with his way to make, and it treated the young couple well; in later life, Audubon would remember it as "a favorite place." A fortuitous spot on the Ohio River and thriving salt mines nearby marked Louisville as a town with a future, and its abundance of wildlife provided ample materials for study. Its social life was warm and fun-loving, and its appearance, according to Audubon, "would please even the eye of a Swiss."

Portfolio of species grows

Audubon was soon busy with his store and his family, which by June 1809 included a baby son, Victor Gifford. But he still found plenty of time for birds, adding several new species to his portfolio in his two years in Louisville. His style was maturing rapidly, and he regularly culled his archives, burning many early drawings that he now found lacking. His new friends were much more sympathetic to his interests than the community around Mill Grove. "Every individual who carried a gun always sent me such birds and quadrupeds as he thought might prove useful to me," he wrote.

In Louisville he met a man who, though their lives touched only briefly, must surely have planted in his mind the seeds of the endeavor for which he would later become famous. Alexander Wilson was the author of the most comprehensive American ornithology to date, and he tramped into Louisville in the spring of 1810 to hawk his first two volumes to the town's intelligentsia. Audubon did not subscribe, since his own collection was already more comprehensive and better drawn than Wilson's, but the two exchanged ideas and hunted together during Wilson's stay in the town. So Audubon read with surprise Wilson's later indictment of Louisville, where, Wilson wrote, he "neither received one act of civility from those to whom I was recommended, one subscriber nor one new bird. . . . Science or literature has not one friend in this place."

Business had meanwhile become stagnant, depressed by President Thomas Jefferson's embargo on British and French trade in the run-up to the War of 1812, and by increased competition in the town. Audubon, mean-

Audubon bred his own colony of wood ducks (right) in his garden in Henderson, Ky.

100 YEARS
The National Audubon Society

In 1886 George Bird Grinnell, the editor of *Forest and Stream*, wrote an editorial proposing the formation of a group dedicated to the protection of birds. Grinnell was a former student of Lucy Audubon's and named his group the Audubon Society for the Protection of Birds, in honor of his teacher's distinguished husband. Thousands of people responded to his call, and, overwhelmed, Grinnell was forced to disband the group in 1888.

But he left behind an idea, and when a group of Boston socialites organized to discourage the slaughter of birds for feathered hats, they named themselves the Massachusetts Audubon Society. Other states formed Audubon Societies of their own, and in 1901 they banded together in the National Committee of Audubon Societies. In 1905 the National Association of Audubon Societies was incorporated, and today's National Audubon Society dates itself from that time.

It has been a force for wildlife conservation ever since, founding nature centers and sanctuaries, launching educational programs for children and adults, and supplying guidebooks about wildlife of all kinds. In its own words, "Audubon's mission is to conserve and restore natural ecosystems, focusing on birds, other wildlife, and their habitats for the benefit of humanity and the earth's biological diversity."—K.M.

while, wanted to expand his opportunities for ornithological research, so in 1810 the Audubons moved their operations to Henderson, Ky., a frontier town on the edge of the wilderness. Audubon traveled widely during his early years in Henderson: A four-month river journey in 1810-11 down the Ohio and up the Mississippi introduced him to the ways of the Shawnee and Osage tribes, and a later trip put him in the Kentucky Barrens in time to experience a major aftershock of the December 1811 earthquake.

The family's fortunes were volatile during this time: In the summer of 1812, an abortive attempt to establish a store in New Orleans absorbed most of their capital, but by the time their second son, John Woodhouse, was born in November, they were prospering back in Henderson. They began to speculate in real estate and owned enough slaves to establish themselves in Henderson's gentry. Audubon began to invest heavily in a proposed steam-powered mill.

His store was busy enough to keep Audubon from doing as much fieldwork as before, but he continued to keep birds around him at home, hand-rearing an American kestrel and a tom turkey as pets, and establishing a breeding colony of wood ducks in his garden. With prosperity, an engaging hobby, and a growing young family, Audubon considered himself well established. By the time his daughter Lucy was born in December 1814, he "calculated to live and die in comfort."

After declaring bankruptcy in 1819, Audubon turned to his drawing talent to earn a living.

It was not to be. Within a few years, the mill had soaked up all his money and time, his little daughter was dead of hydrocephalus, and his father's 1818 death followed by a lawsuit by Audubon's cousins threatened to both take his inheritance and expose his illegitimacy. "The world was to me a blank," he later wrote, "and my heart was sorely heavy, for scarcely had I enough to keep my dear sons alive." The Panic of 1819 completed the fall of Audubon's fortunes, and after being briefly jailed for nonpayment of debt, he declared bankruptcy in the summer of that year.

It was at this point, brought low in the world and desperate for a means of feeding his family, including newest daughter Rose, that Audubon seems to have recognized his drawing talent as a marketable skill. Using the speed and technique he had developed over years of drawing wildlife, he threw himself into portraiture, a potentially lucrative field in the days before photography. Abandoning Henderson for Louisville and then Cincinnati, Audubon joined the staff of the Western Museum there and brought his family, smaller again, to join him. Little Rose, whose brief life lasted only seven months, had died in Louisville of fever.

Supplementing his salary at the museum by giving drawing lessons and painting portraits, Audubon was back on his feet, though it would be years before he was truly secure. Business having let him down with a crash, he decided to embrace art with characteristic wholeheartedness. The idea of a comprehensive published ornithology to rival Alexander Wilson's began to revolve in his mind as early as 1820. To further that end, he proposed to leave Lucy in Cincinnati with the family's savings and head south to complete his collection and, he hoped, to earn money for his family along the way.

"My talents are to be my support," he wrote in his journal, "and my enthusiasm my guide in my difficulties." Thus began a period of vagabond living and long separations. The first, in which Audubon traveled to New Orleans and established a brief career as a drawing master, lasted over a year and ended with the family joining him

for only a few months before Audubon was off again to Natchez, Miss., his family following him there a few months after that. Lucy became a paid companion and then a governess, first to supplement her husband's meager income, eventually to support the family on her own.

In Natchez, his family temporarily united, Audubon began to take concrete steps to further his ambition to publish. He took lessons in oil painting from artist John Steen, paying for them by teaching Steen to work in pastels. His first copy in oils, the later famous *Otter in a Trap,* was to become a potboiler for him, quickly dashed off whenever he needed to supplement a flagging bursary. The culmination of his efforts, he knew, would probably have to be a trip to Europe; engravers of sufficient skill to execute his great work were scarce in the New World. In his current financial situation, Europe seemed as far away as the moon. But Lucy, practical and shrewd and with unflagging faith in her husband's talents, was a partner in his endeavor; taking the support of the family off his hands by teaching school, she freed him to devote his energies to what he had already begun to call *The Birds of America.*

With Victor now apprenticed to a Louisville merchant, the family seemed permanently fragmented. Lucy was settled with young John in rural Louisiana, teaching school, and Audubon set out for Philadelphia. If he was ever to publish his great work he would need the support of influential men, so he hurled himself into the social and intellectual life of the city. His reception was mixed. Portrait painter Thomas Sully and noble dilettante Charles-Lucien Bonaparte became patrons, but the Academy of Natural Sciences blackballed the backwoods upstart. New York state proved no more accommodating, and Audubon headed home.

'The astonishment of every one was great,' Audubon wrote when the first number of *The Birds of America* debuted in Edinburgh in 1827. (Above, the yellow-billed cuckoo.)

Back in Louisiana, Audubon set himself to earning money for the necessary trip abroad. He taught drawing, music, and French at Lucy's school and gave dancing classes at which he accompanied himself on the violin. He planned to "leave the U. States sometime in spring for Europe," as he wrote to Charles Bonaparte, and to "ransack all the lakes and swamps within my reach to enlarge my collection" in preparation. Finally, in May 1826, at the age of 41, with money in his pocket and more than 300 incomparable drawings in his portfolio, he left his family and sailed to Europe to seek his fortune.

Warm reception abroad

Separated from his family for what he knew could be years, Audubon kept a detailed journal of the European trip for his wife and sons to read when they were reunited. The ocean voyage was naturally an opportunity for nature study, and the journal contains drawings and descriptions of the seabirds and marine life Audubon encountered, as well as impressions and sketches of life at sea. In July 1826 he first set eyes on England: "the Dear Country that gave thee birth," he wrote to his wife, "and I *love it,* because I Love Thee!!!!"

Audubon had brought from America letters of introduction to several prominent Englishmen, and with these connections as well as his Bakewell in-laws he might be expected to do well in society. The rangy, longhaired frontiersman who disembarked in Liverpool on July 21 appeared odd, poor, and slightly fanatical, and at first he met with varying success. But his first exhibition, at the Liverpool Royal Institution, attracted attention, and Audubon found himself "broke down bowing and scraping to all the new faces."

Audubon's plan for *The Birds of America* had two parts. He needed an engraver to execute the illustrations and print the book, but more importantly, he needed customers to buy the book when it was published. Exhibiting his drawings was intended for the latter purpose, and his shows would make him a minor celebrity before he ever saw his work in print. Art books at the time were issued in pieces, in unbound sets called "numbers," that were sold separately; thus, they would pay for themselves rather than requiring a large initial outlay.

Manchester, unhealthy and uninter-

ested, was a letdown after the excitement in Liverpool, but Audubon's star was truly to ascend in Edinburgh. "My situation in Edinburgh borders almost on the miraculous," he wrote to Lucy in December 1826. Within a short time after his arrival there he had acquired a reputation, a circle of influence, and, most importantly, an engraver: William Home Lizars, who was willing not only to produce *The Birds of America,* but also to voice his enthusiasm for the project in the academies and salons of this sophisticated university town. In November 1826, the great work began.

The first number of *The Birds of America* debuted in 1827 at the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Sir Walter Scott was one of the worthies there who saw Audubon's wild turkey cock, yellow-billed cuckoos, prothonotary warblers, purple finches, and Canada warbler in their first bid at immortality. "The astonishment of every one was great," Audubon wrote, and he was immediately elected a member of the society. Finally, Audubon was enjoying the respect he had sought for so long.

Audubon was a celebrity in Europe, but America still considered him a failure: It was nowhere near as interested in its own wildlife as Europe was.

Having conquered Edinburgh, Audubon traveled to London, picking up subscribers as he went. But when he got to the capital (which he hated, calling it "the mouth of an immense monster"), he received devastating news from Lizars: His colorers had gone on strike. *The Birds of America,* so long in gestation, looked like it would be stillborn after all. Only briefly daunted ("Oh! how sick I am of London"), Audubon managed in a matter of days to engage the Robert Havells, father and son, to take on the task. Disaster had been averted, and with his business back on track, he lacked only a family.

This purple finch illustration is among 435 life-size prints of bird species in Audubon's collection.

But while he was a celebrity in England, America still considered Audubon a failure: It was nowhere near as interested in its own wildlife as Europe was, and *The Birds of America* had few American customers. His family, therefore, was wary of following him across the ocean to partake in a success that they couldn't quite believe in. For his part, Audubon sent them enthusiastic invitations to join him followed by contradictory declarations that it would be wiser to wait, which deepened the misunderstanding—and strained the relationship. The primitive communication of that era further confused the issue, and after long frustration on both sides, Audubon finally took action. Anxious about leaving his business in the hands of strangers but longing for his family, he left England for home in April 1829.

Though Audubon landed in New

York in May, he did not go straight to the wife for whom he had professed to yearn: Traveling slowly through the eastern woods drawing and collecting specimens, he did not reach Louisiana until November. After a few weeks in Louisville with their sons, Audubon and Lucy started their journey back to England, stopping in Washington for an audience with President Andrew Jackson and sailing for Liverpool in April 1830. For the first time since her childhood, Lucy was back in the country of her birth.

Life's work complete

"England & your father's goodness to me has made a change for the better in me," she would write to her sons; travel, affection, and success made her happier than she had most likely been in years. Audubon had been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in London—the first American since Benjamin Franklin to be so honored—and though he had the headaches of the publishing process to contend with, this second sojourn in England was both academically and economically successful. He took his wife through all of the major cities, picking up subscriptions on the way; a planned trip to France had to be postponed on account of the July Revolution of 1830, but they settled for a time in Edinburgh for Audubon to work with naturalist William MacGillivray on the *Ornithological Biography,* observational essays to accompany *The Birds of America.*

The first volume of plates was finished, but the work was less than one-quarter complete, and Audubon intended it to be comprehensive. He began planning a return to the United States to add to his collection, envisioning a trip around Florida and a possible journey to the Pacific, and by the fall of 1831 the Audubons were back in America. This expedition would differ greatly from the travels of past years; Audubon's new prestige had won him the use of government transport, a stack of introduction letters, and the wherewithal to afford two assistants.

The Birds of America took a lifetime to complete; producing and selling it alone took 12 years. (Above, the prothonotary swamp-warbler.)

Now in his late 40s, Audubon was as energetic as ever in his pursuit of his calling, "the most enthusiastic and indefatigable man I ever knew," wrote Dr. Benjamin Strobel, his guide in Key West. But while the spirit was willing, the flesh was becoming weak, and in March 1833, in the midst of preparations for a collecting trip to Labrador, Audubon suffered a stroke. Though he recovered quickly and continued to travel for the next 10 years, he had begun to feel his age.

The last plate of *The Birds of America* was finished in June 1838. The making of it had been the work of a lifetime; the producing and selling alone had taken 12 years. Audubon was now 53 and his health was beginning to flag, but he pushed forward on the *Ornithological Biography,* which was completed in five volumes in May 1839. The great work was finally finished.

Financially comfortable, respected worldwide, and with his wife and his grown sons by his side, Audubon might naturally have retired—if he had been anyone else. Having spent most of a lifetime on America's birds, he turned his attention to a similarly comprehensive survey titled *Quadrupeds of North America,* making trips to Canada and the Dakotas for observation and keeping a small menagerie of both wild and domestic animals at Minniesland, the family's new estate on the Hudson River.

But before long Audubon could no longer travel; though his health remained fairly robust, his mind had begun to sink into senility. "Alas, I have only the material part of my old friend," Lucy lamented in 1849. On Jan. 27, 1851, at the age of 65, John James Audubon died.

Audubon's art lives on, but his greatest memorial was one he never saw. Lucy Audubon outlived her husband by more than 20 years and was forced by financial necessity to return to teaching at the age of 70. One of her students, George Bird Grinnell—devoted to her and inspired by her husband's life and work—became interested in wildlife conservation and determined as an adult to do something about it. "We propose the formation of an Association for the protection of wild birds and their eggs," he wrote in *Forest and Stream* in 1886, "which shall be called the Audubon Society." H

Contributing writer ***Kathy Monahan*** *wrote about heritage livestock breeds in the September/October 2005 issue.*

Blackbeard's End

With fire in his beard and fire in his belly, America's most celebrated pirate spread terror at sea. Alive, he became a legend. After he died, the legend grew.

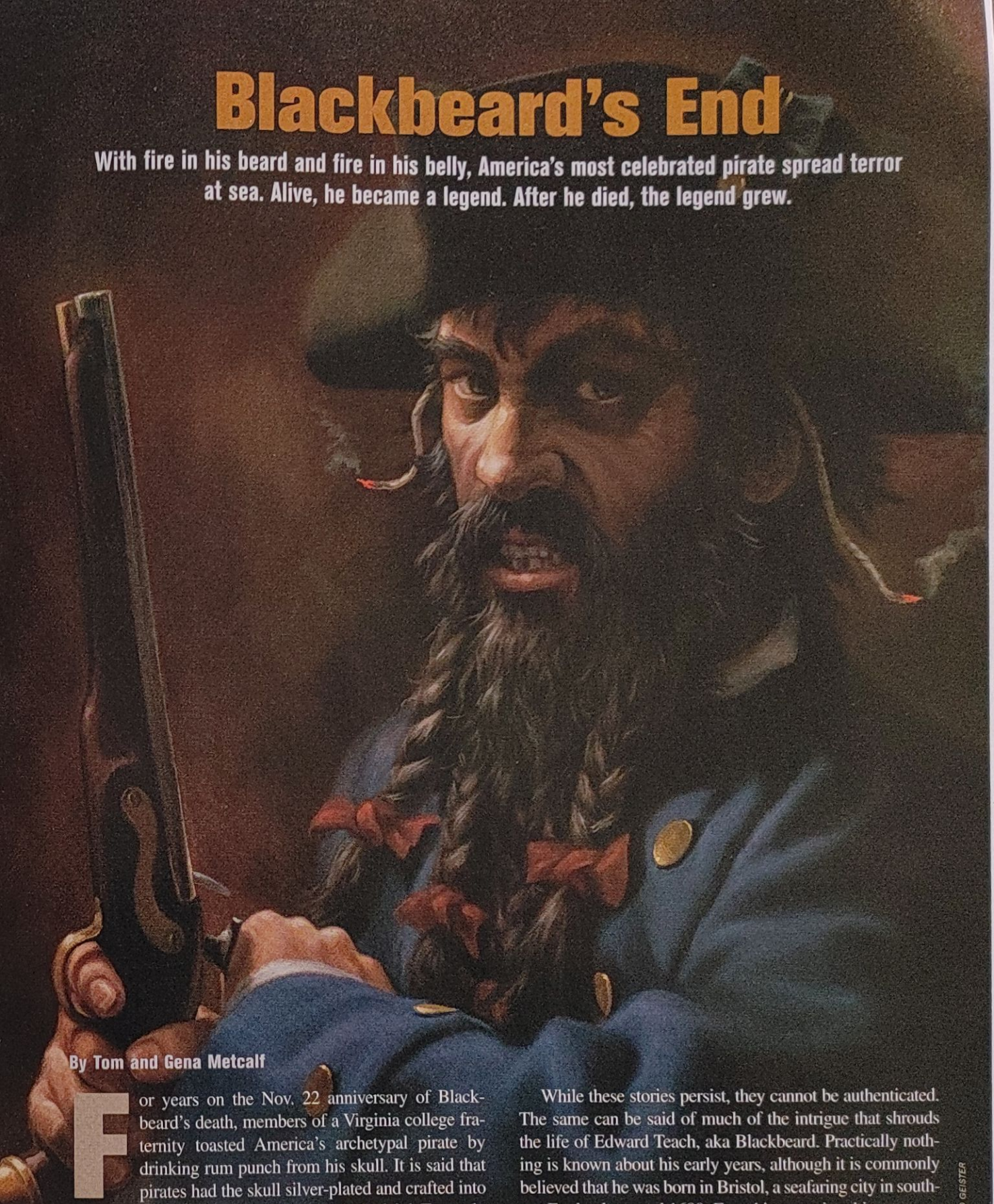


ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID GEISTER

By Tom and Gena Metcalf

For years on the Nov. 22 anniversary of Blackbeard's death, members of a Virginia college fraternity toasted America's archetypal pirate by drinking rum punch from his skull. It is said that pirates had the skull silver-plated and crafted into a goblet; somehow it later appeared at the Raleigh Tavern in Williamsburg before ending up in the hands of fraternity brothers. Judge Charles Wedbee, writing in *Blackbeard's Cup,* recalled drinking from the cup, its rim engraved with the words "Deth to Spotswoode," as a college youth.

While these stories persist, they cannot be authenticated. The same can be said of much of the intrigue that shrouds the life of Edward Teach, aka Blackbeard. Practically nothing is known about his early years, although it is commonly believed that he was born in Bristol, a seafaring city in southern England, around 1680. Even his name is subject to conjecture, with several spellings—Teach, Thatch, Thach—and other permutations. (Some said his name was Drummond.) He could read and write—in fact, he maintained correspondence with several colonial officials—so presumably came

from a literate family.

Teach's meteoric rise to prominence was due to unique conditions that prevailed in the late 1600s and early 1700s. In Europe, disease was rampant, sanitation nonexistent, and social injustice prevalent. Men were jailed for failing to pay debts, hanged for felonies, and tortured for various offenses in between. England, France, and Spain fought almost continuously. Life in general was "nasty, brutish, and short," as the English philosopher Thomas Hobbes had written. Life at sea was worse; discipline was brutal, pay was low, and navy sailors lived with the threat of death or disfigurement from war as well as brutal captains whose power was absolute.

Privateering offered a brighter outcome. The Crown commissioned privately funded ships to attack merchant ships flying under enemy flags. Sailors seized both ship and cargo, earning a share of whatever they captured. The War of Spanish Succession, which erupted in 1701 when the grandson of King Louis XIV of France was named heir to the Spanish throne, provided many opportunities for ambitious British and colonial seamen to raid Spanish and French ships.

Teach in Jamaica

It was during this war, known in the American colonies as Queen Anne's War, that Teach first appeared in Jamaica, distinguishing himself among other privateers. When the war ended in North American territory in 1713, Teach moved his base to New Providence (now Nassau, Bahamas), which provided more strategic access to shipping lanes, and continued his profession—only now, without government sanction, it was piracy.

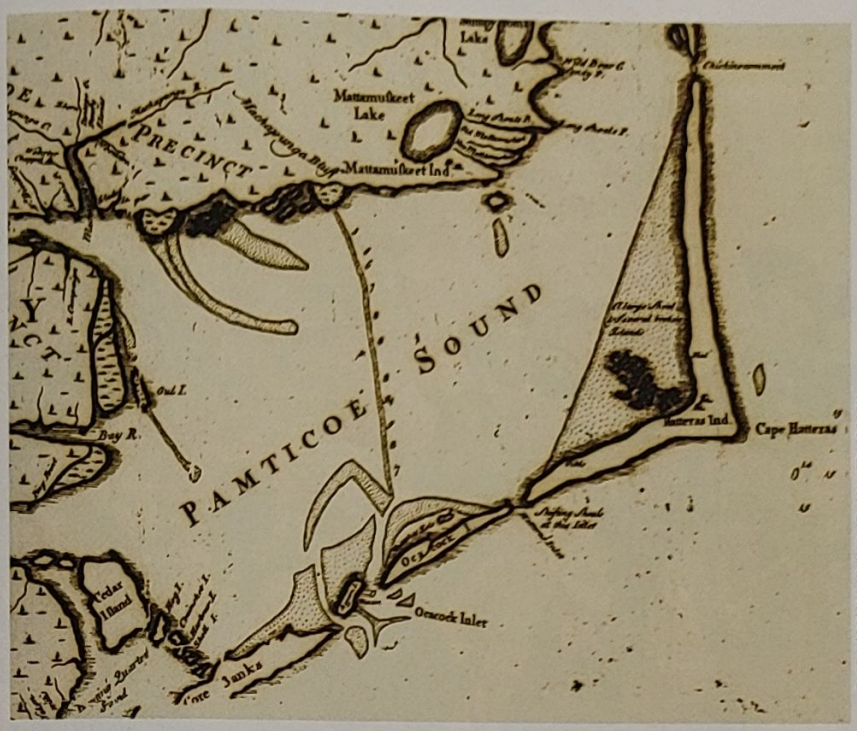
Pirates, who frequented the waterfronts and bars of most colonial seaports, were not a great threat to the colonists. Merchants were eager to buy their cheap (albeit stolen) goods, which circumvented British taxes, and to sell them supplies. Many who spoke publicly against them quietly maintained a brisk pirate trade. Even the venerable College of William and Mary accepted 300 pounds sterling of pirate loot, although the exact circumstances behind the gift are somewhat vague.

Bartholomew Roberts, captain of the *Whydah*, a pirate ship whose wreck was discovered off Cape Cod in 1984, summed up his philosophy: "In an honest service there is thin rations, low wages, and hard labor; in this, plenty and satiety, pleasure and ease, liberty and power; and who would not balance creditor on this side, when all the hazard that is run for it, at worst, is only a sour look or two at choking. No, a merry life and a short one shall be my motto." This was the world that Edward Teach took by storm.

Teach's career is clouded by conflicting accounts, but it seems clear that in 1716 he was the master of a sloop

COURTESY OF THE NORTH CAROLINA STATE ARCHIVES

Blackbeard the pirate, from *A General History of the Pyrates* by Capt. Charles Johnson, 1724.



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Teach spent much time aboard the *Adventure* off Ocracoke, an island in North Carolina's Outer Banks, shown above in Edward Moseley's 1733 map of North Carolina.

armed with six cannon and crewed by 70 pirates. In spring 1717 he cruised the North American coast with mentor Benjamin Hornigold, going as far north as Delaware and seizing rich cargoes but probably little gold.

By fall Teach had returned to the Caribbean; in November, off the island of St. Vincent, he captured a French merchant ship, *La Concorde,* and her cargo of slaves, gold, money, and jewels. Teach wasted no time in commandeering the three-masted vessel, mounting additional cannon and renaming it *Queen Anne's Revenge (QAR).* By now his crew had swelled to 300. When he captured the large, heavily armed merchant ship *Great Allen* soon after, word of the fierce pirate began to spread.

One contemporary account had him battling HMS *Scarborough,* a 30-gun man-of-war out of Barbados. According to this story, challenged by recent research, the *QAR* engaged the *Scarborough* in a running battle for several hours before the *Scarborough* withdrew. David Moore, curator of nautical archaeology with the North Carolina Maritime Museum, says there is currently no evidence to support the claim that such a battle ever took place. "In fact," he says, "according to historical documentation, the *Scarborough* was safely moored at Barbados, undergoing general maintenance and repairs, during most of the appropriate time frame when any such battle could have taken place."

Nevertheless, Teach began to assume a greater-than-life stature—and nickname. Taller than six feet, he had a heavy black beard and long hair, which he braided and tied with ribbons. In battle he tied slow-burning fuses in his beard. Surrounded by an acrid cloud of smoke and armed with pistols, knives, and swords, he intimidated even his crew and fostered the story that he was in league with the devil himself. A master of psychology, Blackbeard played his role well; his ship was his stage and the world his audience. According to a contemporary source, he once challenged some of his crew: " 'Come,' says he, 'let us make a Hell of [our] own, and try how long we can bear it.' Accordingly he, with two or three others, went down into the Hold, and closing up all the Hatches, filled several Pots full of Brimstone, and other combustible Matter, and set it on Fire, and so continued till they were almost suffocated, when some of the Men cry'd out for Air; at length he opened the Hatches, not a little pleased that he had held out the longest."

Buried treasure

Following the capture of the *Great Allen,* Teach sailed to the Bay of Honduras, where he encountered pirate Stede Bonnet on the *Revenge.* Maj. Bonnet had been a well-to-do Barbados plantation owner. Tired of a sedentary life and, some said, to escape a nagging wife, he bought his ship and hired a crew. Teach considered him inept and brought him aboard the *QAR,* assigning command of the *Revenge* to one of his own men. Soon after, the pirates took the *Adventure,* which Teach gave to trusted lieutenant Israel Hands to captain. By now Teach commanded a formidable force of more than 400 men.

Sailing north, Teach paused off the Georgia coast, where, according to legend, he and others rowed ashore and buried a substantial amount of treasure on an island. To mark the spot, he wrapped a chain around the trunk of a large oak tree and sawed off one of its branches. The pirates never returned to Blackbeard Island, now a national wildlife refuge where treasure-hunting is prohibited.

Teach's most audacious feat occurred in May 1718, off the South Carolina coast. Needing medical supplies, the pirates captured the *Crowley,* a vessel headed for London with one Samuel Wragg, a member of the Council of the Province of Carolina, among the passengers. Holding crew and passengers hostage, Teach dispatched two pirates and one captive to Charleston with a shopping list of medicines. If they didn't return in two days, hostages would be killed.

Two days passed; the fearful victims

BETTMANN/CORBIS

Blackbeard fights ferociously before falling victim to his captors in this 1718 painting by J.L.G. Ferris.

awaited their fate. Teach raved about being double-crossed while Wragg bargained for an extra day. The third day passed with no sign of the three emissaries. One hostage suggested sailing into the harbor, an idea that Teach embraced immediately. So the pirate fleet, with four captured vessels, dropped anchor in Charleston harbor.

Citizens were terrified by the sight of this flotilla bristling with guns and pirates brazenly walking the waterfront. Men hastily armed themselves while others ran for safety. The terror was short-lived, however, for the three missing men appeared with the medicine chest. It seemed that when the pirates wandered off on a drinking binge, the lone hostage had been afraid to return to the pirate fleet without them.

By now Teach realized that his fleet was too large to manage. At some point he had recorded in his log: "Such a day, Rum all out. Our Company somewhat sober. A damn'd Confusion amongst us! Rouges a plotting; great Talk of Separation, So I look'd sharp for a Prize; such a Day took one, with a great deal of Liquor on board, so kept the Company hot, damn'd hot, then all Things went well again."

He hatched a plot to downsize. Sailing northward, he ran the *QAR* aground on a sand bar off Topsail Inlet (now Beaufort Inlet, N.C.). In a prearranged maneuver, Israel Hands grounded the fourth vessel while appearing to try to free the *QAR*. This reduced the fleet to two—the *Revenge,* Stede Bonnet's ship, and the *Adventure.* Marooning some of his crew and sending Bonnet off in quest of a royal pardon (which was granted), Teach made his exit on the *Adventure* with 40 handpicked men and headed for Bath, N.C., where in June he too accepted a royal pardon.

Bath had survived a drought, epidemics, internal rebellion, and the onset of the Tuscarora War in 1711, but had rebounded quickly to become the de facto state capital. Charles Eden, named governor in May 1714, granted the king's pardon to Bonnet, Teach, and others as part of the Crown's effort to entice pirates to give up their profession. It was cheaper than hunting them down and ensured a ready supply of privateers in case another war erupted. Many of these gentlemen of fortune found retirement too confining, however; Teach, too, found it impossible to settle down. Although he found a house in Bath and married his 14th wife—previous shipboard weddings bestowed prestige upon his many brides but were forgotten by the groom as soon as he left port—he spent much of his time

aboard the *Adventure,* typically anchored off Ocracoke, a remote island on the Outer Banks.

Although historians disagree on the chronology of events, according to biographer Robert Lee, in August Teach headed for Philadelphia. There he discovered that Gov. William Keith had issued a warrant for his arrest and hastily set sail for Bermuda, capturing two French sloops before he arrived. He took one sloop and all of the cargo, let the sailors go free on the other, and returned to Bath, claiming he had found the ship abandoned. In accordance with Admiralty Law and his crew's sworn (but perjurious) testimony, the ship was declared a derelict, and Teach was awarded cargo as a salvage fee.

In September a lookout spotted a sail approaching Ocracoke. An alarm was sounded but it was unnecessary; the ship was mastered by pirate Charles Vane, whom Teach greeted enthusiastically. For days they partied and caroused, enjoying barbeques, storytelling, hunting, fishing, and drinking. Friendly North Carolinians happily sold them food and rum, but the event attracted the attention of Virginia's Gov. Alexander Spotswood, who already looked down on his southern neighbors. The appearance of so many pirates fostered rumors that they were establishing a major base on Ocracoke.

Spotswood was determined to rid the coast of Teach, but to avoid arousing the suspicions of pirate sympathizers in both colonies, he made his plans in secret: "I did not communicate to the Assembly nor Council, the project then forming against Teach's crew for fear of his having intelligence, there being in this country and more especially among the present faction, an unaccountable inclination to favor pyrates," Spotswood wrote.

Spotswood planned a two-pronged attack on Ocracoke. Capt. Ellis Brand would lead a land-based assault on Bath while Lt. Robert Maynard captained two sloops that Spotswood leased personally.

On Nov. 21, 1718, Maynard's ships dropped anchor off Ocracoke Island. It appears likely that Blackbeard knew of Maynard's presence, but he nevertheless spent the night drinking with the captain and three crew members of a local trader.

'Damn you for villains'

Early on the morning of Nov. 22, according to contemporary battle accounts from author Charles Johnson and correspondence to the *Boston News-Letter,* Lt. Maynard weighed anchor. As Maynard's sloops approached, Blackbeard roared across the water.

"Damn you for villains, who are you? And whence come you?"

"You may see by our colors we are no pirates," came the reply.

Blackbeard then ordered Maynard to lower a boat and come aboard the *Adventure.* "I cannot spare my boat, but I will come aboard of you as soon as I can, with my sloop," Maynard fired back.

With drink in hand, Blackbeard raised his cup to Maynard: "Damnation seize my soul if I give you any quarters, or take any from you." Both sides knew that death was imminent.

Each side had advantages. Maynard had two ships, with 32 fighting men on one and 22 on the other. But they lacked cannon, having only small arms. Blackbeard had one sloop armed with eight cannon and a crew that estimates placed between 18 and 25. Moreover, he was intimately familiar with the treacherous sandbars that surrounded Ocracoke.

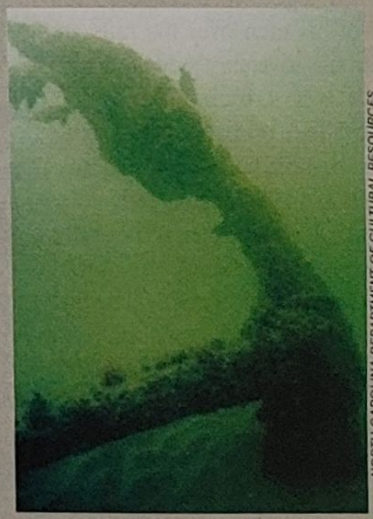
Blackbeard fired a broadside with his cannon aimed at both sloops. Twenty men fell, killed or wounded, on Maynard's ship, nine on the other. As Maynard's sloops approached,

Queen Anne's Revenge—Lost or Found?

After almost 10 years of searching for the *Queen Anne's Revenge* in Beaufort Inlet, N.C., divers from Intersal, a maritime research and salvage firm, located a pile of cannon, ballast stones, and other artifacts in November 1996 and began recovery a year later.

Is it the *QAR*? The location, site size, and dating of artifacts suggest that it is; historians have failed to identify another ship that might have been wrecked in the area. Although recovered items include cannon, small arms, lead shot, anchors, barrel hoops, navigational instruments, bottles, and more, archaeologists have not yet found a "smoking gun." Consistent with the *QAR* hypothesis is the fact that the cannon are not uniform, suggesting that they might have come from various captured ships. Some were loaded, as if the ship were ready to attack on a moment's notice.

The *Queen Anne's Revenge* Shipwreck Project in Morehead City, N.C., offers pictures and information on the ship's recovery at its Web site (www.qaronline.org/default.htm). For the more adventurous, a limited number of scuba dives on the *QAR* are available.—**T.M. G.M.**



NORTH CAROLINA DEPARTMENT OF CULTURAL RESOURCES

An anchor at the *Queen Anne's Revenge* shipwreck site near Beaufort, N.C.

Blackbeard tried to slip behind a sandbar but miscalculated. The *Adventure* went aground, as did both of Maynard's vessels, but the tide was rising. Throwing water and ballast over the side to lighten his ship, Maynard soon floated free; so did the *Adventure*.

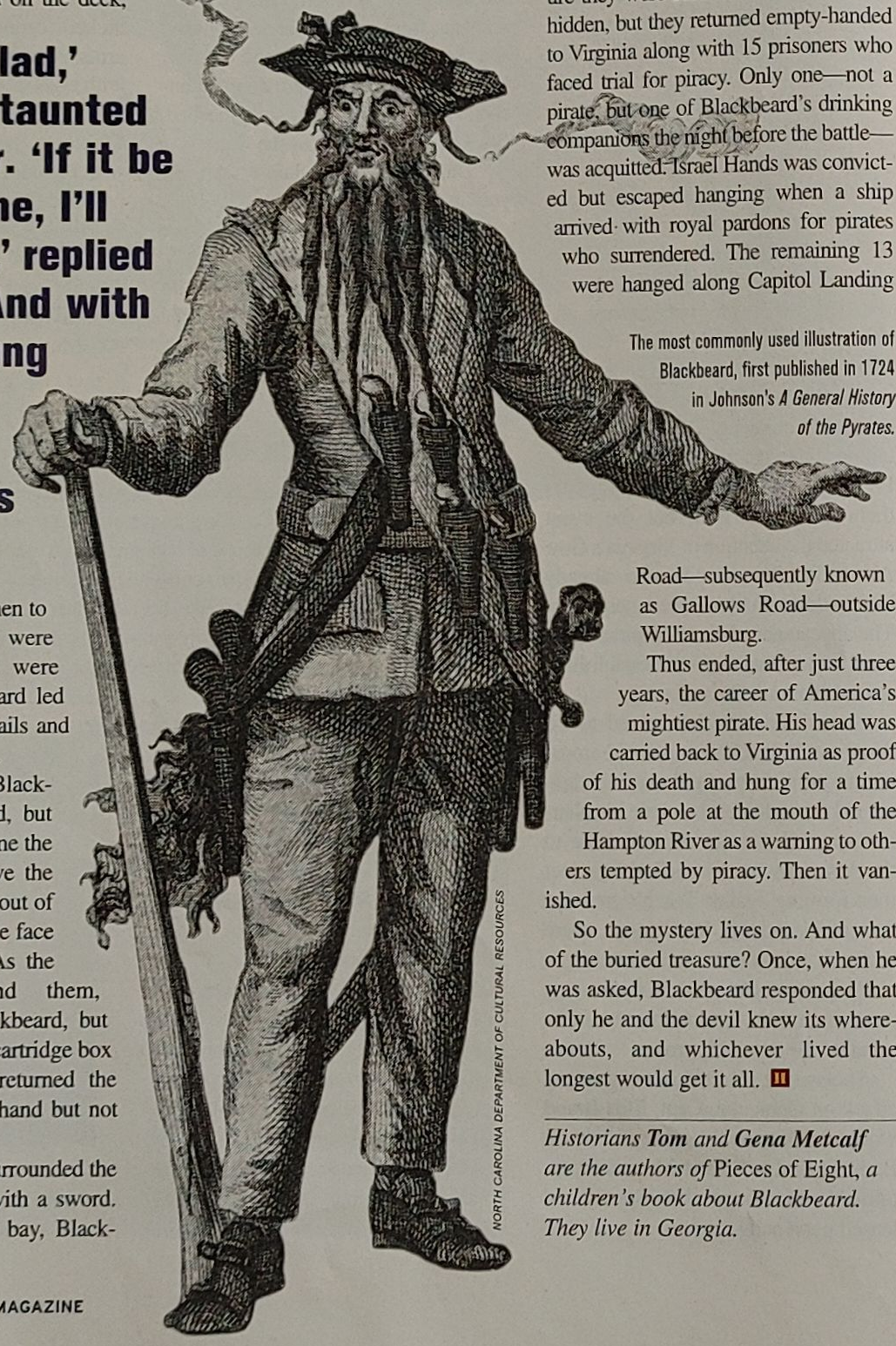
Maynard, knowing that another broadside would be devastating, ordered his crew below deck. Seeing that only three remained on the deck, Blackbeard ordered his men to board. Grappling irons were thrown, and the ships were lashed together. Blackbeard led 14 of his men over the rails and onto his adversary's deck.

'Well done, lad,' Blackbeard taunted his attacker. 'If it be not well done, I'll do it better,' replied the sailor. And with that he swung his sword, cutting off Blackbeard's head.

It was a trick that Blackbeard had probably used, but this time the hunter became the hunted. Lt. Maynard gave the signal; his men swarmed out of the hold. Blackbeard came face to face with Maynard. As the fighting raged around them, Maynard lunged at Blackbeard, but his sword hit the pirate's cartridge box and broke. Blackbeard returned the blow, cutting Maynard's hand but not seriously.

Maynard's men now surrounded the pirate. One cut his face with a sword. Like a wounded tiger at bay, Blackbeard fought ferociously. Another sailor cut his neck.

"Well done, lad," Blackbeard taunted his attacker. "If it be not well done, I'll do it better," replied the sailor. And with that he swung his sword, cutting off Blackbeard's head—at least according to the *Boston News Dispatch*. Other accounts contend that Blackbeard was killed before parting with his head.



NORTH CAROLINA DEPARTMENT OF CULTURAL RESOURCES

The most commonly used illustration of Blackbeard, first published in 1724 in Johnson's *A General History of the Pyrates.*

The battle was over. The remaining pirates surrendered. Blackbeard's body, with 25 wounds, was thrown overboard, where legend says it swam around the ship three times before it sank. His head was hung from the bowsprit of Maynard's ship.

In the battle's aftermath, Lt. Maynard met Capt. Brand in Bath. They lingered for several weeks, looking for the treasure they were sure that Blackbeard had hidden, but they returned empty-handed to Virginia along with 15 prisoners who faced trial for piracy. Only one—not a pirate, but one of Blackbeard's drinking companions the night before the battle—was acquitted. Israel Hands was convicted but escaped hanging when a ship arrived with royal pardons for pirates who surrendered. The remaining 13 were hanged along Capitol Landing Road—subsequently known as Gallows Road—outside Williamsburg.

Thus ended, after just three years, the career of America's mightiest pirate. His head was carried back to Virginia as proof of his death and hung for a time from a pole at the mouth of the Hampton River as a warning to others tempted by piracy. Then it vanished.

So the mystery lives on. And what of the buried treasure? Once, when he was asked, Blackbeard responded that only he and the devil knew its whereabouts, and whichever lived the longest would get it all. ■

Historians ***Tom*** *and* ***Gena Metcalf*** *are the authors of* Pieces of Eight, *a children's book about Blackbeard. They live in Georgia.*

Relaxation therapy for your feet

Visco-elastic foam has changed the way people sleep, now it helps the way you walk.

by Leigh Ligon

My feet hurt! How many times have you heard *or* said that...standing in line at the grocery store or simply while doing daily routine tasks? I feel like the older I get the more my feet ache. I've tried elevating my feet, soaking them in a hot water and expensive massage therapy—but to no avail. That's why I'm so excited to tell you about my recent discovery—Cloud 10 Slippers!

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According to the American Podiatric Medical Association, as people age, their feet tend to spread, and lose the fatty pads that cushion the bottom of the feet. Additional weight can affect the bone and ligament structure. These slippers mold to the contours of my feet through my body's heat and weight, literally cushioning every single step I take.

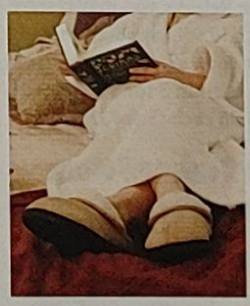
Technologically advanced slippers mold to the contours of your feet making each step feel like you're walking on Cloud 10!

Did you know that the average person takes 8,000 to 10,000 steps a day, which adds up to about 115,000 miles over a lifetime? That's enough to go around the circumference of the earth four times. No wonder we all have tired, aching feet.

I've heard about similar kinds of slippers, but I couldn't afford to spend nearly $70 a pair. The Cloud 10 Slippers were a much better fit for my budget. The outer material of these stylish slippers is beautiful tan faux suede and they feature a cozy, fleece-lined interior and collar to provide added warmth. The durable rubber sole is perfect for my quick trips outdoors to grab the morning paper.

❖ *Inner sole is constructed from visco-elastic memory foam*
❖ *Body heat molds foam to cushion feet for maximum support*
❖ *Super-soft, fleece lining provides added warmth*
❖ *Durable rubber sole—perfect for quick outdoor trips!*

If you have arthritic feet like I do, you suffer from inflammation and pain in your joints. Our feet have to last a lifetime and I've decided to stop neglecting the part of my body that keeps me mobile.



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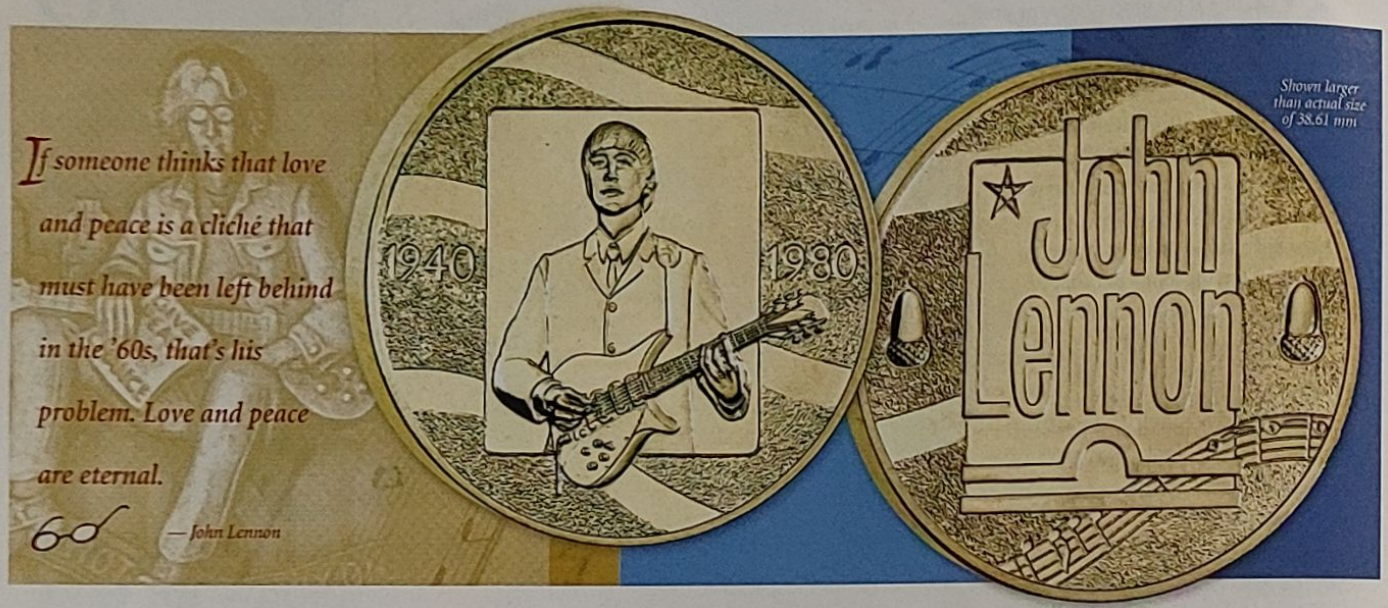
JOHN LENNON – THE LEGEND

His Life, Music and Legacy Touched the Soul of a Generation



The impact John Lennon had on rock 'n roll cannot be overstated. Whether he was taking America by storm with the Beatles, working tirelessly for world peace or writing songs that spoke to the soul of a generation, Lennon lived his life committed to truth, peace and humanity. Now, on the 65th anniversary of his birth in Liverpool, England, the world-famous British Royal Mint with the approval of Yoko Ono, is paying tribute to John Lennon with a magnificent, limited-edition medallion.

Incredibly Detailed Edition Available for Limited Time

Celebrating life, peace, love & music, this silver dollar-sized medallion depicts Lennon in his '60s "gear" and strumming his guitar. You can almost picture him performing on *The Ed Sullivan Show* capturing your heart for the first time. The other side places an acorn on either side of his name to remind us of John and Yoko's 1969 peace initiative when they sent acorns to heads of state with a request that they be planted as a symbol of peace. Struck to Brilliant Uncirculated condition, this gleaming nickel-brass medal is only available for a limited time.

A Tribute to the Man Who Gave Peace a Chance

The John Lennon Medallion celebrates the musical genius of John Lennon, a man who left a legacy that goes far beyond the global reach of his music. Even today, his powerful message of peace and love, shown through both his art and music, continues to uplift and inspire us. This specially-issued medallion embodies Lennon's life and career and is guaranteed to have enormous worldwide appeal. Get yours now before they're all gone.

Special Discount for Advance Orders

The issue price for the John Lennon Anniversary Medallion will be $37.00, but during this Advance Release, you may reserve your medal for just $19.95. Save even more by ordering several for yourself or as memorable gifts for family and friends: **3 for $17.95 each (Save $6), 5 for $15.95 each (Save $20).**

Charitable Donation Made With Each Purchase

With every medal purchased, a donation will be made to John and Yoko's Spirit Foundations. Founded in 1978, the Spirit Foundations is a non-profit organization that funds numerous charities, some of which focus on AIDS support services, the aged and abused and needy children.

Strictly Limited Edition — Call Today to Avoid Sell Out

Your John Lennon Anniversary Medallion from the British Royal Mint will come housed in a handsome folder that is reminiscent of a '60s-style record cover with the title and specifications reproduced as the label. It's sure to make a fab gift for music-lovers of all ages. Don't delay. Imagine how you would feel if you missed out on this beautiful tribute.

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Eat, Drink, and Be Merry: A Holiday Sampler

By Bob Frost

Some of our brightest and most treasured holidays fall during the darkest months of the year. Here's a little history behind how some of them came into being.

POODLESROCK/CORBIS

Thanksgiving

The Pilgrims, 101 of them, arrived in Massachusetts in 1620 on the good ship *Mayflower,* and a year later the 52 survivors met with 90 members of the Wampanoag tribe for a three-day harvest festival. This happy occasion wasn't technically a thanksgiving ceremony for the Pilgrims, for whom "thanksgiving" meant solemnity and fasting. The 1621 event was more of a bash. Celebrants played games, conducted military drills, and consumed plenty of food and drink, probably including fresh fish, corn on the cob, cranberries, blueberries, eggs, vegetables, beer, and wine. Turkey might have been served, but there's no record of this.

For the next couple of hundred years, American thanksgiving celebrations were for the most part sporadic and local. Then came a woman named Sarah Josepha Hale with a wonderful idea.

Hale, who lived from 1788 to 1879, was a New Hampshire-born writer and magazine editor, mother of five children, and advocate for worthy causes. In 1827 she began suggesting a national day of thanksgiving, writing, "We have too few holidays. Thanksgiving like the Fourth of July should be considered a national festival and observed by all our people." Hale wrote dozens of letters and editorials about this topic, and gradually the idea took hold. In 1863 President Abraham Lincoln made Thanksgiving an annual national event.

In the 1860s, turkey became a centerpiece of Thanksgiving for many people. After World War II, turkey growers resolved to put the fowl on millions of plates during the holidays and year-round. The effort succeeded: Americans today consume about 17 pounds of turkey per capita every year, according to the turkey industry and the government, up from 8.1 pounds in 1970, 4.1 in 1950, and 1.5 in 1930.

Christmas

As Sarah Josepha Hale observed, America lacked national holidays in the first half-century of its existence, and Christ's birthday went largely overlooked. "When I was a boy I wondered what Christmas was," wrote Henry Ward Beecher, born in 1813 in Connecticut. Among Americans, "Christmas . . . is hardly a holiday," wrote a visiting English actress in 1832. Great Britain, by contrast, was big on Christmas and observed many other holidays as well.

Americans fell in love with Christmas in the second half of the 19th century, an era marked by the Civil War and titanic social change, notes historian Penne L. Restad: "The creation of the Christmas we celebrate cannot be considered apart from these tumultuous events." Christmas helped unify the country, with articles in national magazines encouraging people from all regions to join together and make merry. And with its emphasis on the home, Christmas offered comfort to a nation in the throes of a vast expansion. "At certain critical times . . . a particular culture invents new symbols and ceremonies that help define and reflect its character," Restad wrote. So it is with the modern American Christmas, emphasizing Santa Claus, the eager anticipation of children, gentle moral instruction, shopping, lots of presents, Christmas cards, and beautifully decorated evergreens in homes.

An important moment in the American evolution of the holiday is the development of Santa Claus, which came in

POODLESROCK/CORBIS

1823 with publication, in a newspaper in Troy, N.Y., of the poem "An Account of a Visit from St. Nicholas" by Clement Clarke Moore. (The poem was published in book form in 1844.) Here was a new version of old St. Nick, depicting him with a bright personality, as a "genial and generous American saint," writes Restad, quite in keeping with how Americans liked to think of themselves. The physical appearance of Santa Claus was further developed in the cartoons of Thomas Nast in *Harper's Weekly* from the 1860s to the 1880s and in advertising over the years by various companies, including Coca-Cola.

In his poem about St. Nick's visit, Moore gives names to eight reindeer: Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donder, and Blitzen. The ninth reindeer, Rudolph, was invented in 1939 by the writer Robert L. May as a promotional tool for the department store Montgomery Ward. Cowboy singer Gene Autry's record of "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" was a best-seller in 1949.

Trees are a natural focus for the holiday, having deeply affected human beings for many thousands of years. People in pre-Christian Europe established sacred tree groves for worship of the gods. The Druids, during the winter solstice, tied apples to trees to thank Odin for his blessings. While the early Christian church attacked the idea of sacred trees, discouraging any vestiges of paganism, with the passage of time the Church relaxed its opposition and eventually Europeans began bringing evergreens into their homes at midwinter. German immigrants helped spread the idea of Christmas trees to America, and evergreens began appearing in trendy New York and Boston homes at Christmas by the 1830s and 1840s. In a world dominated by science and rationality, writes author Sheryl Ann Karas, the Christmas tree stands as "evidence of the side of our nature that is drawn to fairy tales—the side that deals with myth and symbol."

Today, winter evergreens are part of several holiday traditions, including winter solstice (Dec. 21)—the "alternative Christmas," as author John Matthews describes it in his beautiful book *The Winter Solstice: The Sacred Traditions of Christmas.*

Kwanzaa

Kwanzaa, a celebration of the cultural roots of African Americans, takes place annually over seven days, Dec. 26 through Jan. 1. A central model for Kwanzaa is *Umkhosi,* the Zulu first-fruit celebration, according to Maulana Karenga, the African-American scholar who founded the holiday in 1966. *Kwanzaa* means "the first" or "first fruits of harvest" in the

Kiswahili language. The event is guided by seven principles formulated by Karenga, one for each of its days: Umoja, Kujichagulia, Ujima, Ujamaa, Nia, Kuumba, and Imani. These concepts translate to unity, self-determination, collective work and responsibility, cooperative economics, purpose, creativity, and faith.

STEVE COLLIER; COLLIER STUDIO/CORBIS

Hanukkah

Hanukkah, the eight-day Jewish "festival of lights," was first celebrated in 165 B.C.E., according to tradition, with the reconsecration of the Temple at Jerusalem in the wake of the defeat of the Greeks by the Maccabees, warriors who helped restore Jewish religious and political life. The holiday corresponds to the number of days a small flask of oil miraculously burned after it was lit for the rededication, according to legend.

The word *Hanukkah* derives from Hebrew and translates as "dedication"; it is sometimes rendered *Chanukah*. Beginning within weeks of Christmas, it's a minor festival on the Jewish calendar but ranks as one of the most beloved of the religion's holidays, notes author Eric A. Kimmel: "Candles flicker; dreidels spin; latkes sizzle in the pan as Jewish people the world over recall the heroes of ancient times."

New Year's Eve and New Year's Day

New Year is the oldest holiday, writes author Todd Lyon. It dates back many thousands of years, perhaps to the earliest days of humanity.

Primitive humans tens of thousands of years ago probably celebrated the new year each spring. Early humans may not have recognized the idea of a year as a predictable cycle of seasons because of their "short memory and imperfect means of marking the flight of time," according to scholar James George Frazer. Imagine, then, their visceral joy at the return of green leaves and the growing season.

Many ancient cultures, including the Babylonians, observed the new year in the spring. By contrast, ancient Egyptians regarded the changing of the year as an autumn event coinciding with the flooding of the Nile. In 153 B.C.E. the Roman Senate declared Jan. 1 to be the official beginning of the new year—an arbitrary decision made in the interest of calendar reform and perhaps to add a party to the schedule. (The Romans did lots of midwinter celebrating and are colorful models for our year-end festivities.)

Who wrote "Auld Lange Syne," and what does it mean? The author is Robert Burns, the great Scottish poet, who published the song in the 1790s, basing it on a folk tune. American bandleader Guy Lombardo turned it into a New Year tradition starting in the early decades of the 20th century, helped along by radio and later television. "Auld lange syne" means "old long since." Complete lyrics and music are available at www.tinwhistler.com.

First Night, launched in Boston in 1976, is an example of the American willingness to tinker with holidays. The idea was formulated by a group of artists and community activists that included Clara Wainwright, a quilter and public artist. The event has recast New Year's Eve as a family-friendly celebration of the arts and community, where participants enjoy fireworks, ice sculptures, music, theater, puppet shows, and great food. The concept has grown; today First Night International, a nonprofit group, licenses the idea to about 200 localities, mostly in North America. ■

Bob Frost is a contributing writer for the magazine.

K.J. HISTORICAL/CORBIS

Antietam's Blood

The bloodshed at Antietam—never equaled in any battle since—accelerated the end of slavery. You can help preserve the battlefield.

By Renee Valois

One of the darkest days of the Civil War—Sept. 17, 1862—was also the bloodiest day in U.S. history: More than 23,000 American soldiers lay dead or wounded after the one-day battle of Antietam, Md. (also known as Sharpsburg). Nine times as many Americans fell at Antietam as were killed or wounded on D-Day in World War II. The bloody battle signaled the beginning of the end for the Confederacy.

Confederate Gen. Robert E. Lee had begun the campaign with high hopes inspired by his recent victory at the Second Battle of Bull Run. The Confederacy seemed to be ahead in the war; a *New York Tribune* bureau chief wrote, "For the first time I believe it possible . . . that Washington may be taken." If Lee could win another victory against the North, especially on Northern soil, England and France might issue a joint manifesto recognizing the Confederacy as a separate country. Foreign meddling could mean the end of the United States.

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"The slain lay in rows precisely as they had stood" Maj. Gen. Joseph Hooker claimed.

In Maryland, Lee decided to divide his army, sending 22,000 troops with Gen. Thomas Jonathan "Stonewall" Jackson to attack the federal garrison at Harpers Ferry and seize the provisions and weapons his soldiers so desperately needed. After taking the Union garrison, Jackson's troops were to rejoin Lee and his remaining 18,000 men in Hagerstown, from which Lee intended to launch an invasion of Harrisburg, Pa.—an important railroad center for the Union.

But one of Lee's men made a grave mistake: He left a copy of the general's orders for the campaign on a Maryland farm field. The newly arrived Union soldiers found the orders, wrapped around three cigars inside an envelope, and sent them to Gen. George McClellan, commander of the Army of the Potomac, who exclaimed, "Here is a paper with which if I cannot whip 'Bobbie Lee,' I will be willing to go home!"

But the notoriously cautious McClellan squandered much of his good fortune by doing nothing for 18 hours; he believed he was vastly outnumbered, although the reverse was true. On Sept. 15 McClellan slowly assembled 85,000 troops on the east bank of Antietam Creek and paused to make battle plans. On that day only 18,000 of Lee's men were available to fight the vast Union forces. He positioned them on a ridge east of Sharpsburg, right across Antietam Creek. If McClellan had attacked, he could have wiped out Lee's army—and perhaps even ended the war. McClellan hesitated, giving Lee time to reassemble his divided troops. When the Union troops did engage the Confederates, their attacks allowed Lee to shift his outnumbered men from place to place in time to repel them.

McClellan never used more than 20,000 men at a time during the entire day of fighting, keeping another 20,000 of his soldiers in reserve; they never fired a shot in battle.

Given the chaotic Union attacks, the battle of Antietam was more like three battles. The first assault started at 6 a.m. as Maj. Gen. Joseph "Fighting Joe" Hooker led his men across a cornfield toward Confederate forces near the Dunkers' church. After both sides fired, Hooker claimed, "Every stalk of corn in the greater part of the field was cut as closely as could have been done with a knife and the slain

lay in rows precisely as they had stood in their ranks a few moments before." By 10 a.m., 8,000 dead or wounded soldiers littered the cornfield.

Meanwhile, on a second battlefront, the center of Lee's line held off Union attackers from a sunken country road. As waves of Union soldiers attempted to advance, they were mowed down by entrenched Confederate troops.

But the sunken road changed from an advantage to a trap when Union soldiers achieved a position from which they could shoot down on the Confederate defenders. "We were shooting them like sheep in a pen," one soldier wrote. Paved with bodies piled high, the road became known as Bloody Lane. Although the Confederate center was now foundering, the ever-hesitant McClellan decided against the assault that would break it completely, claiming it wouldn't be prudent to attack again.

In the third major action of Antietam, Gen. Ambrose Burnside's 12,500 Union troops struggled to cross a stone bridge over the creek, but they were held off for hours by just 400 Georgia riflemen shooting from a bluff beyond the bridge.

Eventually the Confederates were forced to retreat, but 3,000 new Rebel troops arrived from Harpers Ferry and attacked Burnside's flank. Burnside pleaded for reinforcements, but McClellan once again declined to advance his troops. As the day ended, Burnside fell back to the stone bridge and fighting tapered off.

Lee lost a quarter of his army. Vastly outnumbered, he expected McClellan to finish him off, which President Abraham Lincoln also expected: "Destroy the Rebel army if possible," the president wired. Once again McClellan did nothing.

Frustrated with McClellan's reluctance, Lincoln headed to the battlefield in person to persuade the general to pursue Lee's retreating army. Despite Lincoln's intervention, McClellan dawdled for weeks. On Nov. 5, the president finally relieved him of command.

At the start of the Maryland invasion, Lincoln had reportedly vowed that "if God gave us the victory in the approaching battle," he would consider it "an indication of Divine Will" to proceed with emancipation. After Union forces won the day at Antietam, Lincoln declared: "God had decided this question in favor of the slaves." On Sept. 22, just days after the battle, Lincoln read the preliminary Emancipation Proclamation to his Cabinet; the next day he ordered it distributed to newspapers and the army. The stage was set for the abolition of slavery.

Today, more than 100 monuments, most dedicated to Union soldiers, mark the landscape at Antietam National Battlefield; the Southern states were too economically and politically devastated after the war to fund memorials. But the site needs attention so it may be preserved for future generations. The roof of the grand Maryland Monument, which memorializes soldiers on both sides, requires repair and is currently closed. Nonprofit Antietam Partner seeks tax-deductible donations to repair the monument and also to acquire land to restore the field's battle-era appearance and to reconstruct some of the original landmarks.

Preserving Antietam is not only a way to remember the dead who fought there; it is also a way to preserve the hope that the nation will never again face a day as bloody as Sept. 17, 1862.

You can help preserve the battlefield by becoming an Antietam Partner, sponsoring a battlefield project, or making a purchase. Visit www.antietampartner.com for more information.

Renee Valois is a contributing writer for the magazine.

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Photos of dead soldiers taken after the battle of Antietam and exhibited in New York gave many Americans their first look at the true horror of war, since newspapers at the time published only engravings.

Antietam memorial

Visit Antietam National Battlefield on Dec. 3, 2005, for the annual Memorial Illumination: 23,000 flickering candles, each representing a casualty. For more information, see the battlefield's Web site (www.nps.gov/anti/).

See history.com/civilwar to learn more about the conflict.

NOV/DEC

From John Smith and Powhatan to FDR and Pearl Harbor, some memories from our nation's past.

By Kurt Kortenhof

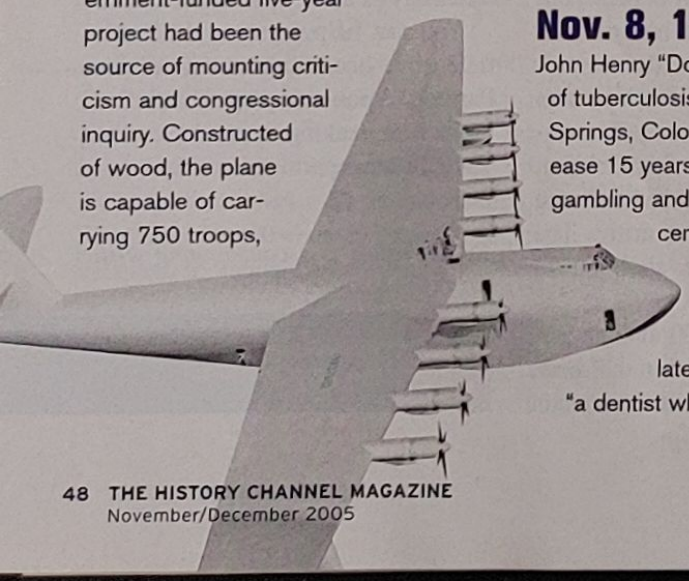
Dec. 8, 1941
FDR's 'Day of Infamy' speech

Addressing a joint session of Congress and the American people via the radio, President Franklin D. Roosevelt declares, "Yesterday, December 7, 1941—a date which will live in infamy—the United States of America was suddenly and deliberately attacked by naval and air forces of the Empire of Japan." Roosevelt ends his address by asking "that the Congress declare that since the unprovoked and dastardly attack . . . a state of war has existed between the United States and the Japanese empire." Congress declares war with a vote of 388 to 1, and the United States enters World War II.

Roosevelt's historic address follows a surprise Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, a United States naval base in the Hawaiian Islands. On Sunday morning, Dec. 7, Japanese fighter, bomber, and torpedo planes launched from a fleet located 230 miles north of the base coordinated attacks with midget subs that had infiltrated the harbor the previous evening. American losses are staggering: 2,388 killed (1,177 aboard the USS *Arizona*), 1,178 wounded, 21 ships sunk or damaged, 323 aircraft destroyed or disabled. The shocking losses unite the American public behind a war effort.

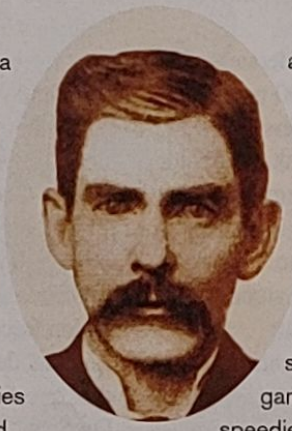
Nov. 2, 1947

Oilman, movie producer, and famed aviator Howard Hughes lifts the *Spruce Goose,* a huge prototype troop-transport seaplane, out of the Long Beach, Calif., harbor. The flight lasts only one minute and covers just over a mile—but it is a victory for Hughes, whose government-funded five-year project had been the source of mounting criticism and congressional inquiry. Constructed of wood, the plane is capable of carrying 750 troops, has a wingspan longer than a football field, and utilizes eight 3,000-horsepower engines. The plane never flies again and in 2005 is on exhibit at the Evergreen Aviation Museum in McMinnville, Ore.



Nov. 8, 1887

John Henry "Doc" Holliday dies of tuberculosis in Glenwood Springs, Colo. Diagnosed with the disease 15 years earlier, Holliday took up gambling and gunfighting. He played a central role along with the Earp brothers in the 1881 shoot-out at the OK Corral. Wyatt Earp later remembers Holliday as "a dentist whom necessity had made a gambler; a gentleman whom disease had made a frontier vagabond; a philosopher whom life had made a caustic wit; a long lean ash-blond fellow nearly dead with consumption, and at the same time the most skillful gambler and the nerviest, speediest, deadliest man with a gun that I ever knew."



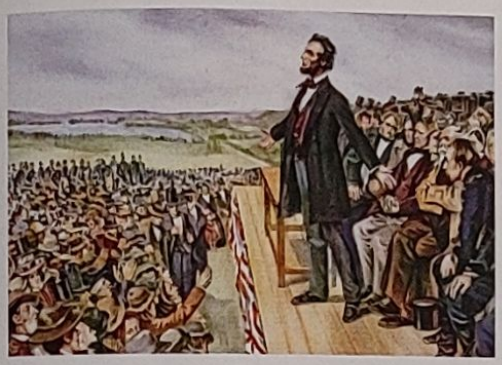
Nov. 10, 1775

The Continental Congress passes a resolution creating the Continental Marines. Disbanded after the Revolutionary War, the corps is reinstituted in 1798, just seven years before a handful of Marines lead a mercenary

PHOTOS: ROOSEVELT, JAMES MONROE, KU KLUX KLAN, POCAHONTAS, THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS; SPRUCE GOOSE, MACY'S THANKSGIVING PARADE, DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR, BETTMANN/CORBIS; 'DOC' HOLLIDAY, GETTYSBURG ADDRESS, THE GRANGER COLLECTION

army's victorious assault on Derna, Tripoli, during the Barbary War. In 1847 Marines successfully storm the Chapultepec Castle (the Halls of Montezuma) in Mexico City. Since the mid-19th century the Marine Corps hymn has honored these two accomplishments in its opening phrase.

Nov. 19, 1863



Abraham Lincoln speaks at the dedication of a cemetery for Union war dead at Gettysburg, Pa. In the bloodiest battle of the Civil War, more than 51,000 soldiers died, were wounded, or went missing at Gettysburg in July. Lincoln's brief remarks come to be regarded as one of America's greatest speeches—proving Lincoln wrong in saying that "the world will little note nor long remember what we say here."

Nov. 27, 1924

Macy's department store employees and animals on loan from the Central Park Zoo take part in the first Christmas Day parade in New York City. Macy's employees, many of them first-generation immigrants, wanted to open the Christmas season with a festival like those they had loved in Europe. The parade draws more than 250,000 spectators. Three years later, the name is changed to Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade, and helium balloons replace the live animals.

Dec. 2, 1823

In his seventh annual message to Congress, President James Monroe declares that the American continents are "not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers" and that any attempts at colonization will be seen "as dangerous to our peace and safety." Known subsequently as the Monroe Doctrine, this policy is reinterpreted, expanded, and used selectively as a rationale for U.S. diplomatic policy in the Western Hemisphere.

Dec. 10, 1936

Edward VIII, the first British monarch to voluntarily give up the throne, abdicates because of opposition to his intention to wed twice-divorced American Wallis Warfield Simpson. *Time* magazine calls Simpson "the most-talked-about, written-about, headlined and interest-compelling person in the world," bestowing on her the title Woman of the Year for 1936. Prince Edward marries Simpson in France in 1937. As World War II approaches, the couple is accused of harboring Nazi sympathies.

Dec. 24, 1865

Confederate veterans form the first Ku Klux Klan, a secret society that opposes Reconstruction and advocates white supremacy, in Pulaski, Tenn. Evolving from a social club into a terrorist organization, the Klan employs intimidation, violence, and lynching aimed at freed blacks, carpetbaggers, and scalawags (white Southern supporters of the federal government during Reconstruction). The Klan and Enforcement Acts of 1871 successfully destroy the organization before the acts are declared unconstitutional. A second, stronger, and even less tolerant organization is founded in 1915.

Dec. 29, 1607

According to Virginia colonist John Smith, Chief Powhatan spares his life at the urging of the chief's daughter Pocahontas. Historians continue to debate the level of embellishment and even authenticity of Smith's account, which he relays in a letter nine years after the incident and in accounts published in the 1620s. Regardless, Pocahontas continues to play a large role in the early history of Jamestown. Taken prisoner by the English, she marries one of her captors, converts to Christianity, and dies at the age of 21 while preparing to return home from a trip to England.

Kurt Kortenhof is a contributing editor for the magazine.

Listen to FDR's "day of infamy" speech at www.historychannel.com/speeches.

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MATT SPROUSE

Stephen Hurlbert with his 1959 Cadillac Sedan de Ville and matching trailer.

'I Love My Car'

It was a 1959 Cadillac Sedan de Ville, 225 inches long, the longest car ever built—so long that when he first brought it home in the fall of 1958, Stephen Hurlbert's grandfather couldn't close the garage door: He had to chisel out the wall at the front of the garage to accommodate the car's magnificent nose. "I loved that car," says Hurlbert, of Brooklyn Park, Minn., who was 13 years old at the time. "It's so impressive to see a car like that with the big fins on it. It's like looking at a rocket."

Hurlbert never forgot that car. Forty years later his stepson spotted one just like it for sale on the Internet and quickly informed Hurlbert, who decided to buy it. "His mother, my wife, would have liked to shoot him," Hurlbert says.

More than five years, four parts cars, and thousands and thousands of dollars of custom reconstruction work later, Hurlbert is the proud owner of a spectacular show car that has already won him several trophies and awards. He didn't do any of the work, he admits: "I did the hardest part," he says. "I did all the paying."

Since the moment the first Model T rolled off the assembly line, Americans have loved their cars. Over the years they've become everything from simple transportation to status symbols, even expressions of cultural pride (see "Low and Slow," a story about lowriders in the September/October 2005 issue). Every American over age 16 or so has a story or two about some special car. We asked readers of THE HISTORY CHANNEL MAGAZINE to share your car stories with us—and so you did. Whether you wrote to us about your first set of wheels, a saved-for beater, a family wagon, or a classic fixer-upper, you dusted off your memories—and some pictures—and took a cruise down memory lane for our benefit. In the following pages are a few of the many tales we received from members about what made that car so special.

—Terry Monahan, Editor

Depression-Era Bargain

Ol' Jilly—my folks always named their cars—was an ancient, rusting hulk of a 1937 Ford Coupe, held together with putty, bailing wire, and the residual profanity of my father's many hours of repairs. I fell heir to her in my teen years.

The Great Depression in the southeast Texas oil patch began to fade by the spring of 1941, fed by the insatiable demand for petroleum products to supply the war in Europe. That year Dad decided he'd look for a good used car until he could save enough cash to buy a new one.

Our purchase—$125 and two free bags of groceries—was a real bargain. Unfortunately, only seven months later, any thought of a new car in the next decade was blurred by the smoke rolling across Pearl Harbor. In 1946 civilian autos reappeared, but the high cost, plus waiting lists and dealer add-ons, delayed even further our long-dreamed-of new car.

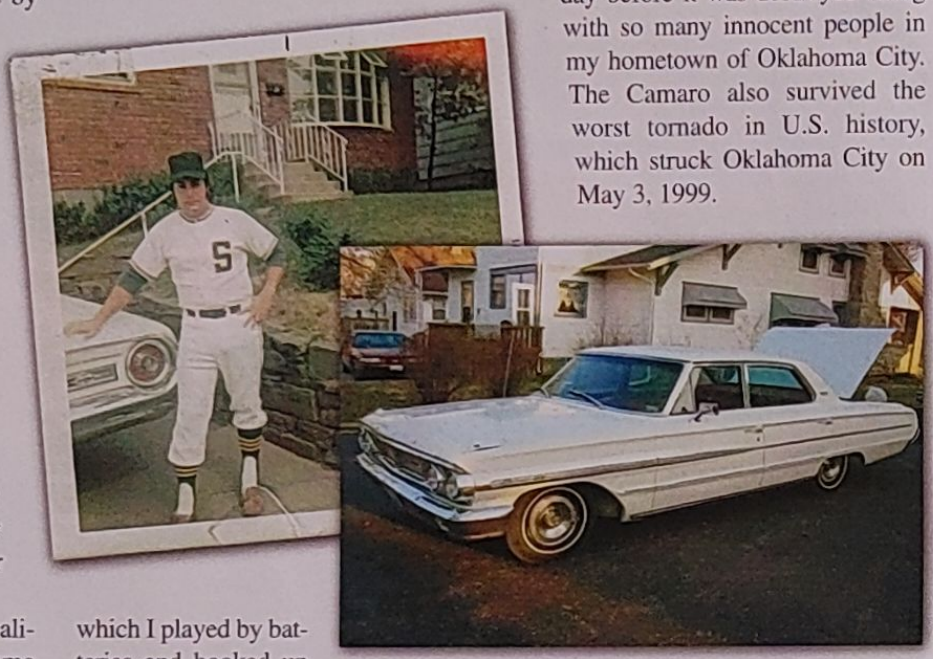
In 1950, the dream became a reality and Ol' Jilly temporarily became mine. Sadly, it was only a few months more before she wheezed her terminal sigh and entered family legend on the end of a tow chain. Few men ever forget their first crush or first automobile.

Jack DuBose
Conway, Ark.

Deep Purple and Peanut Butter

I bought my first car, a 1964 Ford Galaxie (above right), at a local used car dealer one night when I was out riding with my parents. As we passed the dealership I peered out of the window and saw this amazing "White Knight" (that's what I later named it) in the lot. I begged my dad to stop and take a look. On the outside, this car sparkled with chrome . . . chrome . . . chrome. Inside it had a beautiful red-leather interior with front buckets, seat belts, and even more chrome . . . chrome . . . chrome. We talked to the dealer for a few minutes and bought it on the spot for $400 (the insurance cost me twice as much), with a $10 down payment.

I was 18 and about to start college and gas was 24.9 cents a gallon (the car got only eight miles to the gallon). In the four years that I drove it, I used a portable Panasonic cassette player, which I played by batteries and hooked up to the car's speakers. I loved cruising to Deep Purple's *Highway Star* until the batteries went dead. In a few years, as the car began to rust around the wheel wells, I did something my friends will never forget: I filled the rust spots with peanut butter and painted over the spots with white shoe polish. Boy, those were the days!



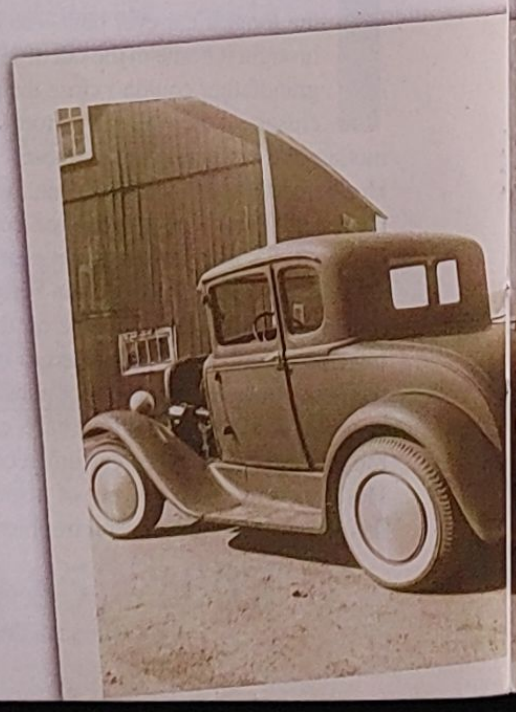
Louis A. Schiavone
Delanson, N.Y.

Not for a Fleet of Ferraris

My first automobile, a 1978 Chevrolet Camaro that cost $6,000 new and served as my first automobile, initiated my passion for cars and led to an enjoyable hobby building engines and high-performance automobiles. Over the years I have made some performance and aesthetic improvements, but its foundation is all original and I retained all the original parts.

The Camaro holds many memories. During my high school and college years it carried countless dates. I was in the Camaro when I heard that Ronald Reagan had been shot and later, that the U.S. and coalition forces had attacked Iraq in the Gulf War. It was in the Camaro that I drove in front of the Alfred P. Murrah building the day before it was destroyed along with so many innocent people in my hometown of Oklahoma City. The Camaro also survived the worst tornado in U.S. history, which struck Oklahoma City on May 3, 1999.

In 1979 my high school sweetheart and I went on our first date in the Camaro; more than 20 years and 250,000 miles later, we met up again and began dating in the same Camaro. Some things never change. I hope to put another 20 years and 250,000 miles



on my baby. I would not trade her for a fleet of Rolls-Royces or Ferraris.

Jeff Kelley
Oklahoma City

Boys and Their Toys

I attended a small high school in Nappanee, Ind., in the late 1950s. It was the kind of place where everyone knew each other and gossip spread like wildfire. At the time kids were saving up all their money to buy new Fords and Chevys, and that's when I bought my first hot rod, a 1931 Ford Model A Coupe (below). The car needed a lot of work; it wasn't painted and didn't even have working headlights.

I remember the first time I raced the car. Word got out that there was going to be a race approximately three miles out of town on back roads in the boonies, and we all showed up around midnight. My buddies said, "Let's race Larry B's hot rod," and I replied, "But I have no headlights!" I took the challenge anyway and the rest is just history because my hot rod blew the other cars off the line—I was so far ahead of the competition that I had to slow down to use the other cars' headlights to see!

Another time, a buddy and I skipped school one afternoon, deciding to take my hot rod for a spin to a neighboring high school that my girlfriend, now my wife, attended. We spun a couple laps around the school to impress the girls and word quickly got back to our principal that we had ditched class and were causing a ruckus, which brought us well-deserved detentions.

Once I got married I sold the car to a buddy and it was out of my life for some time. Through the years the hot rod that had defined my high school memories became a dilapidated scrap heap on wheels. I continued to work on cars, and then, a few years ago, I bought back the old Model A. In 2000 I completely remodeled the beater, putting two years of my life into making it the best 1950s hot rod money could buy. Today it's won two national hot rod awards and will remain the first and last car I rebuild.

Larry Burckhart
Melbourne, Fla.

Christmas Tree Delivery Dilemma

During the Christmas season of 1974 I was to pick out and bring home our family Christmas tree. During the preceding years we had visited a tree farm where you pick your tree in the field and cut it down. In the past I would simply tie it to the top of the car. Not this year: My car was a 1972 Triumph Spitfire, a two-passenger British sports car convertible.

All the trees looked smaller out in the field. After finding the perfect tree I carried it to the car, and then discovered there was no way to tie it to the top of

CONTEMPORARY PHOTOS RICH CHENET

the small convertible. The top wasn't strong enough to hold it, and I couldn't let it stick out over the windshield and still see through the branches to drive. The only way to get it home was to unzip the rear window and push the base of the tree through the rear window opening into the rear of the car, where I could tie it to the seats.

It was probably not more than 10 miles home but it seemed to be at least 50. Gusts of wind from passing cars were a real challenge. I did get it home without a serious incident, but I would not recommend this technique.

Russell Wagner
Carmel, Ind.

The Reclining Rambler

When I was 16 and in the market for my first car, my friend found a blue 1967 Rambler (right) for sale—a bargain at $50. I approached the owner and asked the important question:

"How far back do the seats go?"

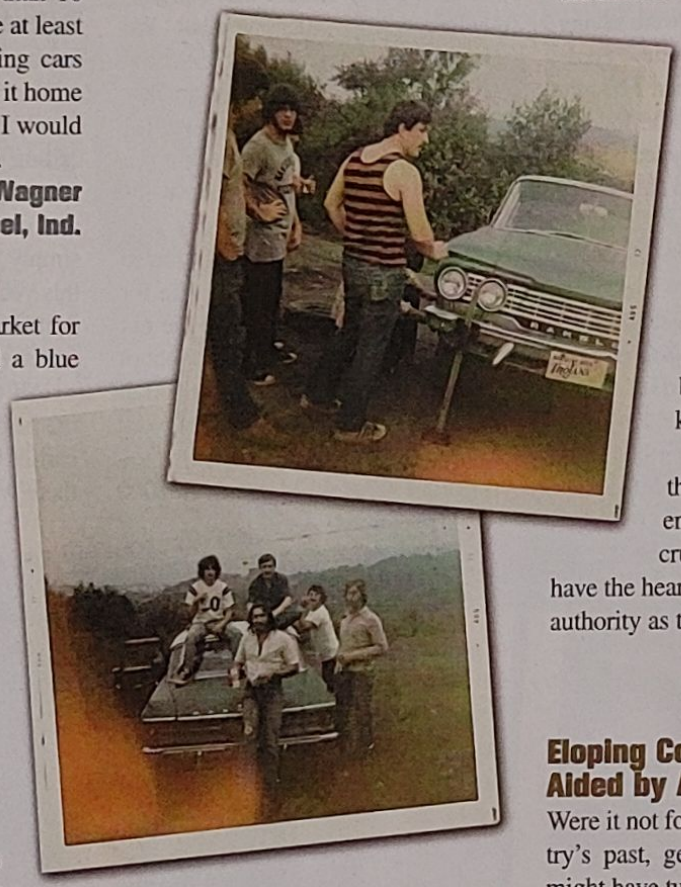
"In Ramblers, they go all the way back," the owner replied.

I took it for a ride, saw that the seats did go all the way back, and dreamed of how cool this would be whenever I would go out "parking."

Fortunately, although it was pretty seasoned and springs were starting to stick through the interior, the car drove well. Unfortunately, it was a standard three-speed on the column. We only learned to drive automatics in driver's ed, so my mom had to take me for rides through the cemetery to learn to drive it. I eventually mastered the art of "dropping it" into first, "throwing it" into second using full extension of the arm—like throwing a punch—and "slamming it down" into third—eventually quite viciously for effect.

The reverse gear was tricky: You ground it in as in first gear, then sort of guided it over a hump and pulled it into your gut—a real wrestling maneuver. The only problem was that it didn't always start. The ignition was shot. When I explained this little detail to the owner he simply replied, "Hey, what do you want for $50? You got the cool seats, right?"

Rick Pucci
Chicago



The State Car

The car that stands out in my memory isn't my first car or even a family car; it was my father's company car. The car was a green 1970 Plymouth Fury with a 440-cubic-inch engine. My father was a state trooper and that car was issued to him. A wide, nondescript, four-door sedan, it suggested its power only by the two humps on the hood with the chrome "440" emblems on them. My dad referred to the car as the "state car." Although it was unmarked, there was no hiding the "officialness" of the car with its single, five-foot, skinny wire antenna mounted on the right front fender, and the deep rumble of its free-flow exhaust.

My dad never needed much of an excuse to jump in his car and drive. And I, the youngest of his boys, often went with him. We would ride countless miles down rural county roads through the Jersey pines to visit some of Dad's old friends at the marinas and houses at the shore. I enjoyed the ride on the stiff bench seat and marveled at the way other drivers would yield to us. On the interstates, the car was magically drawn to the left lane, where it ran its best at more than 70 miles an hour, after the second two barrels of the carburetor kicked in.

A cop myself now for the past 20 years, I've driven many latter-day police cruisers, but none seems to have the heart or speaks with the same authority as that green 1970 Fury.

Kurt Clauss
Riverside, N.J.

Eloping Couple Aided by Auto

Were it not for the wheels of our country's past, generations of my family might have turned out very differently. My great-great-grandfather, a retired surgeon from the Confederate States Army, remained loyal to the end, emphasizing blind disdain for his daughter's fiancé from Philadelphia. "No daughter of mine is going to marry a damned Yankee" was his legacy statement. Despite his separatist inclination, the young couple feverishly planned to elope.

On Dec. 10, 1908, she casually told her unsuspecting father that she was "going for a stroll down the avenue to enjoy the evening." Immediately following, she met her beau at the local dressmaker's shop. They picked up her

gown and got into a Franklin touring car, a six-cylinder, air-cooled wonder at the time, for an uncommonly speedy trip to the train station. From there they rode the clacking wheels of the "fast mail train" to Baltimore, where they wed and honeymooned before settling down in Hagerstown, Md.

My great-grandmother was subsequently disowned by her father, but continued to sneak visits with her mother and sister until his death. From her mother she ultimately received full inheritance. Although the groundbreaking Franklin Automobile Company enjoyed only a brief life in American business, their vehicle remains a seminal element of my genealogy.

Walt Sutterlin
Royal Oak, Mich.

The Birthday Car

My dreams had come true! We were cruising down the highway in my new car, straight from the dealer's lot. My brother-in-law, Jim, was at the wheel as we started the approximately 80-mile trip home. Suddenly we passed a car, which turned around in the middle of the road behind us. "What's wrong with that guy?" Jim asked. Blue lights flashed behind us, and we realized we were being stopped by a trooper!

Somehow that wasn't how I had dreamed the maiden voyage of my new car would begin. It was Saturday night, Oct. 25, 1969, my 18th birthday, and my family and I had headed to Little Rock, Ark., with my dad's paycheck in hand to buy my birthday car. I chose it from among 200 other cars, and Jim and I drove away planning to meet my mom and sister at a truck stop on the way back.

"They probably got stopped by the cops," my sister said jokingly as they impatiently waited. Finally, through a misty rain we arrived, dripping wet. We saw puzzled looks on their faces as we stepped into the truck stop, and my sister said, "What happened, did you get stopped by the cops?" We replied, "Actually, we did!" Fortunately, I just had a burned-out headlight and we were only given a warning.

My car, a 1970 two-door Ford Maverick (bottom left), was blue with blue/black plaid seats. It had an automatic transmission, radio, no air, which wasn't standard, and it sold for $2,349.75. It was a special car, though, and I still remember the shock of that first cop chase, and that soggy first ride. I drove it a couple of years before trading it for a 1969 Camaro Rally Sport (below), which became special too, as I owned it when I met my husband. That, however, is another story!

Angeline Stoner
Floral, Ark.

Two Gorillas Stuffed in a Pumpkin

I got my first car in 1989, just before my 17th birthday. The car was a 1976 Honda CVCC hatchback—the smallest car I have ever seen outside the circus. It was orange and the "N" was missing

from the name on the back of the car, technically making it a "HO DA." The heater in the car worked phenomenally well—I had heat by the end of the driveway. (And a good thing too, because the rear windows didn't latch shut and would swing open when I went around curves. In the winter I often ended up with snowdrifts in the back seat.)

That fall my grandmother decided that she would help me reupholster the seats. She padded each seat with three inches of foam rubber, and the fabric she chose was shaggy black fur. Those seats inside that little orange car looked for all the world like two gorillas stuffed inside a pumpkin. In fact, I loved those seats so much that when the car died, I took them out and put them in my next car (also a Honda).

That end came much sooner than I had anticipated, and I learned a valuable lesson about paying attention to the lights on the dashboard: When you drive a car without oil, eventually it doesn't work anymore.

Christopher Thornblad
Farmington, Utah

The Car That Saved My Life

I left for Vietnam in 1968 and came back a year later, 100 percent disabled. I had shrapnel in my back and legs, a bullet in my back, and my right arm and leg were almost completely blown off. Still a kid, I decided that you're only as disabled as you allow yourself to be.

For years I worked on cars, building approximately 25 to 30 cars, including one in 1999 that became the International Show Car Association's national and international champion. Soon after I got my pilot's license and decided to stop rebuilding cars, until one night I woke up with severe chest pains. Scar tissue had built up and I was forced to spend a year and a half sitting around doing nothing but taking new medications.

No longer able to fly, I began wilting up and didn't know if my body could take it any longer. I had to get out and do something. I had to get out of the house. I finally decided that nothing was going to happen unless I did it.

My wife and I found a 1971 Barracuda (left) for sale, which at the time was a hunk of junk. But it was perfect to me. It was a challenge.

Originally, the 'cuda was going to be an average car, but my wife insisted that it be the wildest car imaginable. I spent every day for three months working on that car, getting stronger and stronger. A few weeks later, I was working 9 to 12 hours a day, got over the depression, and was interested in life again. I did everything on the car except the paint and body work, which took an additional three months to complete.

You can say "I love my car," but this is the car that saved my life. This car brought me back to what was missing in my life. I've learned that you can choose to be a part of life and contribute to it, or it will pass you by.

Dan Powell
Claremore, Okla.

One of the Ugliest Cars in Charleston

Back in 1961 my mother purchased a Nash Rambler American. The Rambler's color can best be described as boring: beige. This was a no-frills family car bought by a lady who could squeeze a dime out of a nickel.

The Rambler's engine was a flathead straight six that quickly became a card-carrying member of Oil Guzzlers Anonymous. In 1966 the little car came into my sole possession and received no maintenance other than gas

from that moment forward. Occasionally my father would take pity on the poor, knocking engine or the oily, neglected chassis and give the car some care and a much-needed bath.

The Rambler was a multitalented vehicle whose windshield wipers frequently served as note holders for my friends and future husband. But by far its most unique and nifty feature was its 180-degree-opening passenger door—a little reminder from an unrepaired injury received when a friend attempted to exit the vehicle in heavy traffic. More vehicular trauma soon followed.

I'd like to say I am a careful and observant driver, but I cannot. Late in 1967, as I was turning into my boyfriend's gated drive, my somewhat battered Rambler impaled itself on an iron fencepost and became forever after a P.O.S.—one of the ugliest cars in Charleston, S.C.

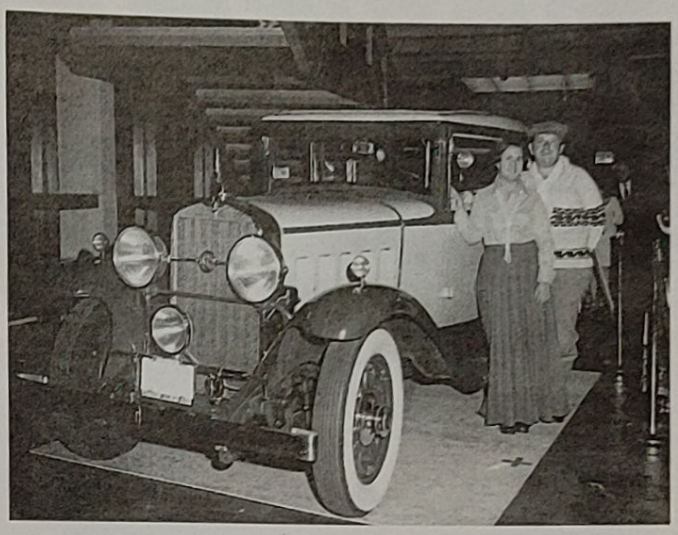
Although there have been no confirmed sightings in recent years, Rambler might still be rambling around somewhere in the Carolinas belching burned oil and bullying fence posts.

Diane W. Fox
Georgetown, S.C.

Part of the Family

I have owned my 1931 LaSalle Model 345A (above) for 36 years. I was 24 when I bought it; it was a basket case. The wood framing was either rotted out or missing and the metal had rusted and rotted. It took me, my father, and my mother to restore the LaSalle. When I bought it in 1969 it was riding on wood artillery wheels, which were factory stock items. I was able to get the build sheet from Cadillac so I could enhance the car. Over the years it has become my signature car.

My most memorable time in it was on Oct. 16, 1976, when I was asked to go to Boston University for Homecoming Weekend to display the LaSalle in the lobby of the Sherman Union for an alumni event. The evening included dinner and dancing, and I was allowed to bring a guest. I invited a young lady whom I had been introduced to shortly before the event. This evening was our first date. All went well and we were married one year later.



Lester Wax
Sharon, Mass.

Bronco Nostalgia

"If you get really good grades this semester I'll give you the Bronco," my father said one afternoon. It was February 1986 and the Bronco was a 1974 model. That spring I delivered the grades and my dad gave me the keys.

I loved the Bronco for the same reason people love old houses. Its charm and character were infinitely more satisfying to me than the gleam of newer cars. Though it was suffering from accelerated aging, it gave me two years before its final breakdown.

My love affair with the Bronco ended in a split second. The timing chain slipped in the old V-8 and it never ran the same (despite expensive attempts at repair). After the incident, pressing on the accelerator registered only a sick thump-a-thump from under the hood. Despite the warning signs, I was devastated when the car rolled its last few feet. (It actually coasted, having stalled at the top of an off-ramp.)

We towed it home, where it sat while my dad decided its fate. Once every few days I turned the ignition and hoped that something would happen, the smell of gasoline taking over as the battery died. Each time, nothing. We eventually sold the Bronco to a junkyard for a few hundred dollars. I still miss that car.

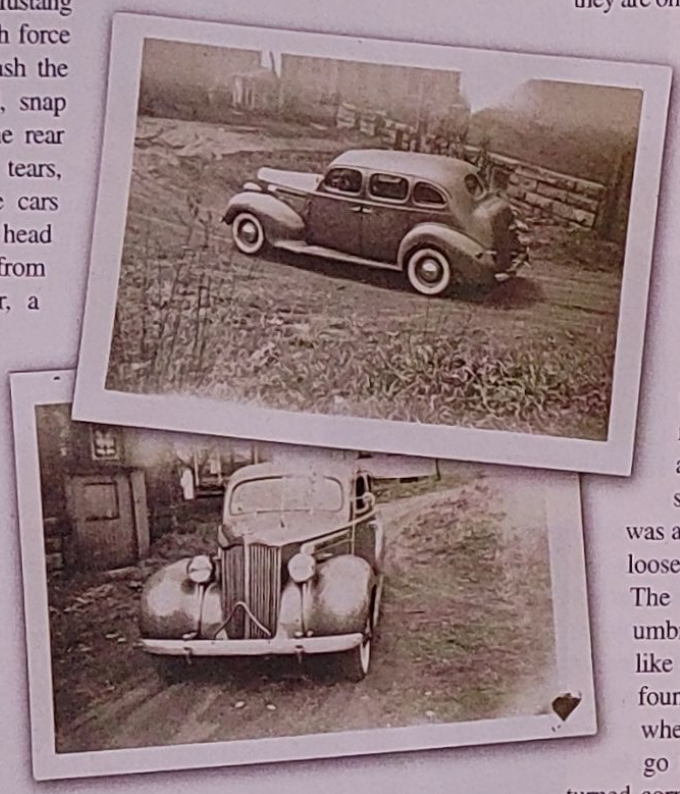
Andrew Carr
Philadelphia

Like Steve McQueen

My brother Al had a 1968 Ford Mustang GT 390, the same car Steve McQueen drove in *Bullitt*. Ostensibly it was my mother's car, only she refused to drive it once Al started making modifications: a NASCAR steering wheel, a racing gearshift, air shocks, shag carpeting, an eight-track stereo with eight four-inch speakers, and a CB radio. Al's handle was Gold Duster, a name he gave himself after he painted the car a dusky color flecked with gold. Al loved the Mustang. Often he could be found in the driveway running his bare feet through the carpet, listening to Neil

Diamond and chatting with his CB pals. I wasn't allowed to sit in it unless I first wiped my feet, and God help me if I should spill a drop of cherry Coke on the bucket seat.

One day when Al was entering the freeway, another car hit the Mustang from behind with just enough force at just the right angle to crush the passenger-side quarter panel, snap the A-frame, and tear off the rear bumper. Al was nearly in tears, standing on the ramp while cars whizzed past, holding his head with both hands to keep it from exploding. The other driver, a woman, said, "I'm so, so sorry." She was five-six with long legs, a short skirt, windswept blond hair, and eyes the color of Hershey's Kisses. Al looked at her, looked at his beloved Mustang, looked at her, looked at the car, and said, "So, you come here often?" They dated for nearly a year until she went off to college. Nice girl. I don't remember her name, but I sure remember that fine automobile.



David Housewright
Roseville, Minn.

Sticky Situation

The year was 1946—World War II had just ended and I had returned to civilian life. I had $500 cash so I started to search for a used car. One of the first cars to catch my eye was a 1939 Packard four-door sedan (above). It was sound—no dents, good tires, and a good motor—but it had a terrible paint job. I decided I'd take the car and one way or the other take care of the paint. I went to a paint store, bought several quarts of paint (a dark green as I recall) and several paintbrushes, and with a friend set out for my father's hunting cabin in the woods. We arrived at camp in early afternoon and started sanding, masking, and painting. We finished in several hours; surprisingly, the results didn't look too bad.

The following morning I was shocked to find the car covered with pine needles that were now fixed in place by the drying paint. After an hour or two of plucking pine needles, we were satisfied that we had done our best and we headed for home.

On our way I stopped for gas. The attendant came out, lifted the hood, and leaned in to retrieve the dipstick to check the oil. When he straightened up, his left hand remained stuck to the still-tacky paint. I don't remember what was said at that point, but I remember his first words were "What the . . . !" Incidentally, that left-hand print remained on the fender and was still very evident the day I sold the car two years later after many miles of faithful service. Just before the "new" owner drove the car away, he said, "By the way, who painted this car?" to which I replied, "I don't know," and left it at that.

Robert Minnigh
Cooperstown, Penn.

The French Tin Snail

Long before I moved to France to write, I had decided that I must have that most French of machines, a Citroen 2CV, the famous Deux Chevaux. To be generous, these cars look very strange. To be blunt, they are one of the ugliest cars ever built. The French call them tin snails; the British call them the garden shed.

I found my Deux Chevaux described in the local paper as a 1963 model in *bon état* (good shape). Sure, it had a few wrinkles and blemishes, but I was in love.

The engine had a baritone rumble because the muffler had no intestines, and the whole machine shook with what I thought was anticipation but was actually loose or missing nuts and bolts. The gearshift looked like an umbrella handle and operated like a trombone slide. I quickly found that the primitive front-wheel drive insisted that the car go in a straight line: When I turned corners in first gear, it bucked like a bronco and the wheels would actually leave the pavement.

I left the car with a friend while I was away and when I returned he was very angry; it had refused to start. While I made excuses, he went into the garage and emerged with a heavy rope. I was so startled that I simply stood and watched as he tied one end to the 2CV and the other to his car.

"Owning this car is madness," he said. "We are going to tow it to Christophe's garage and give it to him." So we did.

The story has a happy ending. It gave me the raw material for my novel, *Henri and the Old American*.

Archie Satterfield
Globe, Ariz.

Learn more about the history of automobiles at history.com/tdih.

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Readers Want to Know . . .

Compiled by Bob Frost

You Say You Want a French Revolution?

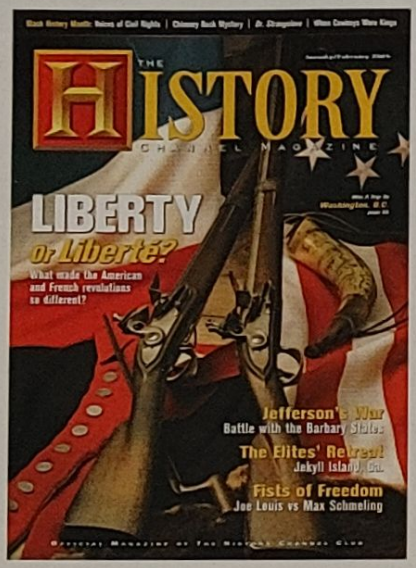
France supported America during our revolution; did we take sides in the French Revolution?

Henry Hersh
Hamilton, N.J.

America steered clear of taking an official position on the French Revolution. The U.S. goal of avoiding entanglement in European affairs was formulated by the administration of President George Washington specifically as a response to the revolution in France and served as a foundation for American foreign policy until the 20th century.

The French Revolution was fiercely debated on these shores. Historian Ron Chernow writes, "Americans [in the 1790s] increasingly defined their domestic politics by either their solidarity with the French Revolution or their aversion to its incendiary methods. The French Revolution thus served to both consolidate the two parties in American politics and deepen the ideological gulf between them."

Alexander Hamilton and John Adams (members of the Federalist Party) denounced the revolution in France as it turned bloody and rather mad. Chernow writes that Hamilton "did not think a revolution should cast off the past overnight or repudiate law, order, and tradition." Meanwhile, Thomas Jefferson and James Madison (Republicans; later renamed Democrats) felt that the French Revolution was a noble fight for freedom, to be honored and defended. Jefferson saw a connection between the events in Europe and the fragile new American nation, writing, "The liberty of the whole earth was depending on the issue of the contest." He also made perhaps the most controversial remark of his life—Chernow describes it as "chilling"—which suggests the hot emotions of the day: Rather than see the French Revolution fail, he said, "I would have seen half the earth desolated."



For more on America's role in the French Revolution, see the January/February 2005 issue.

The Bermuda Gunpowder Plot

I recently traveled in Bermuda, the British crown colony off North Carolina, and our tour guide told us that Gen. George Washington sent a letter in 1775 to Bermuda requesting gunpowder for the American army. Bermudians complied with the appeal, and Washington promised Bermuda that if America could ever return the favor, Bermudians only needed to ask. In the 1980s, said our guide, Bermuda asked President Ronald Reagan to grant special privileges in America to certain financial companies based there. This request was instantly granted because of Washington's promise. True?

George T. Chandler
Pratt, Kan.

Here are the facts, supplied by Andrew P. Bermingham, president of the Bermuda Historical Society:

- It's true that Washington sent a letter to Bermuda in 1775, addressed to sympathizers of the American Revolution, seeking gunpowder.
- In August 1775, while Washington's letter was en route, a group of Bermudians raided a powder magazine, stole kegs of the precious material, and delivered the goods to American ships. They may have been motivated in part by an interest in swapping powder for food—their homeland was blockaded by the Americans.
- By the time Washington's letter arrived in Bermuda, powder was already en route to the colonies.
- No business dispensation was granted Bermuda in the 1980s by the American government based on a 200-year-old promise by George Washington. That said, Bermuda has in recent decades developed a high-end financial industry with ties to the United States.

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*Contributing writer **Bob Frost** lives in San Francisco.*

• They came...
from every corner
of the globe.

• They came...
to escape
oppression.

• They came...
for religious
liberty.

• They came...
For freedom.

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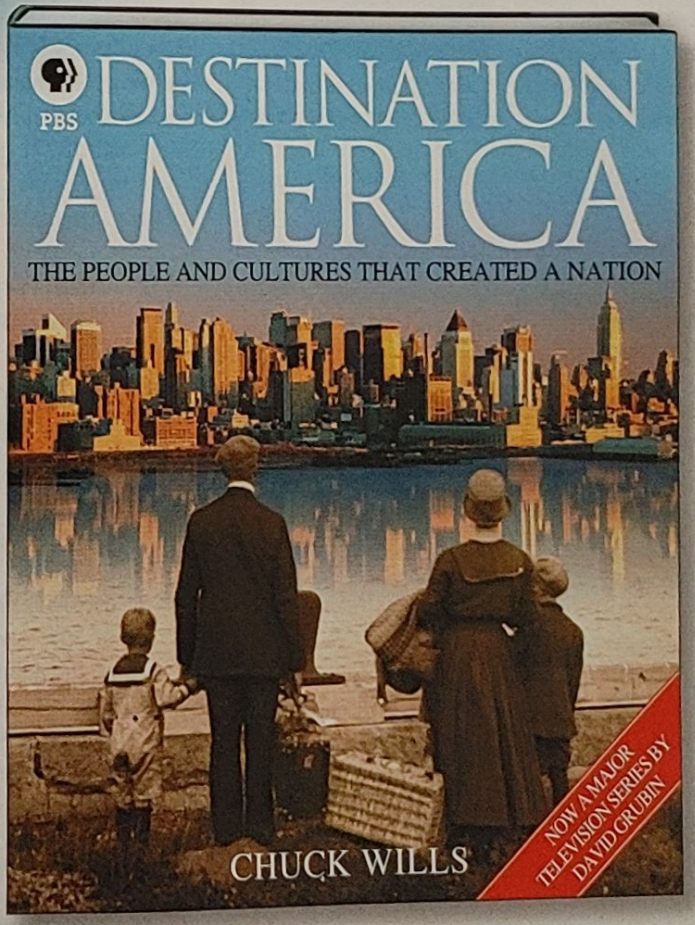

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Visit www.dk.com and www.pbs.org/destinationamerica

Advantages of Membership

Michigan Members Explore Ireland

Member Herbert Tillman of Clinton Township, Michigan, won a trip for two to Limerick, Ireland, in a recent drawing of The History Channel Club's Great History Getaway. Herbert's wife was unable to go, so their son Robert joined Herbert on the trip this past June to enjoy the historic sites of Ireland.

Herbert and Robert Tillman visit Bunratty Castle west of Limerick.

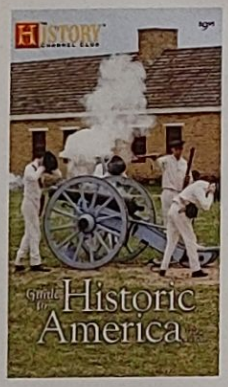
Club Dates November/December 2005

Great History Giveaway and Getaway entries are due on Dec. 31, 2005.

Win a Royal Vacation

A trip for two to London could be yours if you enter the Great History Getaway! Turn to page 65 for the exciting details of the trip. Then use the entry card included in your magazine to enter the drawing. You and a companion could be on your way. Don't miss this opportunity for an exciting journey abroad—enter today!

Journey Through Historic America



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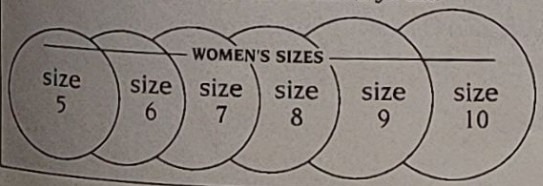

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THE HISTORY™ CHANNEL CLUB

History Giveaway Winners May/June 2005 Issue

Brass Tabletop Telescope
Paul Barbone, Murrayville, Ga.

World War II Silver Medallion Collection
Kelley Hoolihan, San Dimas, Calif.
Beverly Mlynar, Adelphi, Md.
Wynema Peterson, Oklahoma City, Okla.
William Fagan, Jr., Manassas, Va.
Mary Manis, La Verne, Calif.

Sagittarius Globe
H. Chambers, Escondido, Calif.
Michael Blondin, Linwood, Mich.
Robert Guilinger, Aurora, Colo.

TravelBrains' Civil War Teacher
Helen Woempner, Carlotta, Calif.
John Wallace, Wilkes Barre, Pa.
Braman Horn, Long Beach, Wash.

Great History Giveaway and Getaway entries must be received between Nov. 1, 2005, and Dec. 31, 2005. Drawing date is Jan. 5, 2006.

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Your London vacation includes round-trip airfare courtesy of Delta Airlines and four nights' accommodations (extra nights are available at winner's cost for an additional fee). Approximate retail value for two people: $3,040. Entries must be received between Nov. 1, 2005, and Dec. 31, 2005; winners will be selected by random drawing on or about Jan. 5, 2006. Travel must be booked 60 days prior to departure and be completed by Feb. 1, 2007. To enter the Great History Getaway Sweepstakes, see official rules on the entry card accompanying this issue.

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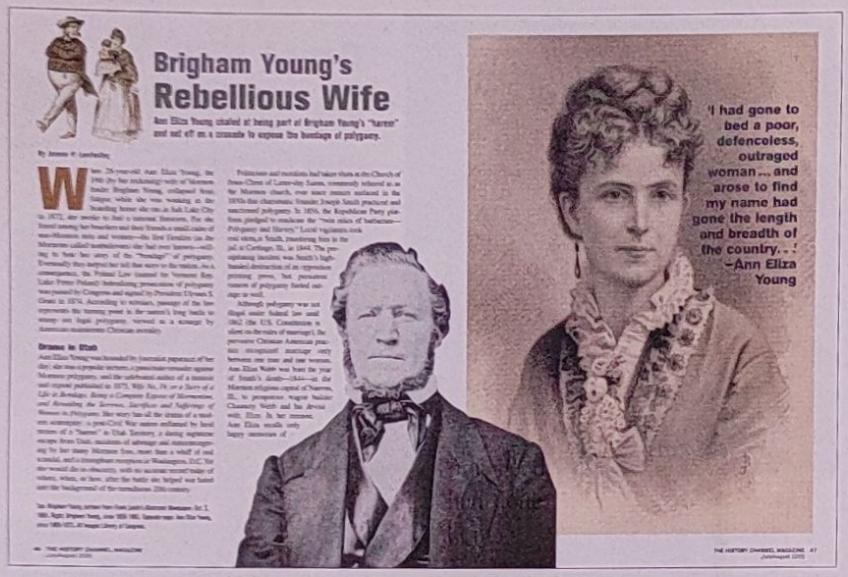
Great History Getaway Winners

Paris trip for two
May/June 2005
Ronald Roberts
Fountain Hills, Ariz.

Boston trip for two
March/April 2005
John Goldman
Victoria, Texas

COLLETTE VACATIONS Delta

Readers Respond



'Idolizing' history

James Lenfestey's "Brigham Young's Rebellious Wife" (July/August 2005) is an excellent piece of writing on a subject the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (Mormon church) is trying to downplay as it sanitizes its past.

Young's polygamy, for which he was universally famous, is now being taught as irrelevant or untrue by the church he once headed. In 1997 the church released a manual titled *Teaching of the Presidents of the Church: Brigham Young,* in which he is portrayed as being monogamous.

While other institutions are "coming clean" about their pasts, the Mormon church's leadership seems obsessed with controlling how its history is presented. This is in keeping with a recollection by historian Michael Quinn in which he recalls Apostle Boyd Packer, one of the closest advisers to the head of the church, saying, "I have a hard time with historians because they idolize the truth. The truth is not uplifting; it destroys. . . . Historians should tell only that part of the truth that is inspiring and uplifting" (*Faithful History: Essays on Writing Mormon History,* 1982).

Ron Genini
Fresno, Calif.

Jefferson's signing machine

Regarding the "Save Our History" item "Paving Poplar Forest" on restoring Thomas Jefferson's plantation (May/June 2005): Jefferson used a *pantograph,* not a polygraph. While he would likely have been fascinated with the possibilities offered by the polygraph, the technology was a bit ahead of his era.

Pat and Mark Ingram
Bend, Ore.

Editor's note: The distinction is a subtle one, but *polygraph* is correct: Here's how the Web site for Monticello, the historic site of Thomas Jefferson's home, puts it:

"Thomas Jefferson first acquired the letter-copying device he called 'the finest invention of the present age' in 1804. It was invented by English-born John Isaac Hawkins, who gave it the name 'polygraph.' Based on the principles of the pantograph, it had two or more pens that were moved simultaneously by the writer's hand, making a duplicate copy or copies strikingly like the original."

Wind tunnels misplaced

In the article, "Wings of Change" (July/August 2005), Professor Roger Bilstein incorrectly identifies the location of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics (NACA) wind tunnels as Langley, Va. He is referring to the NACA Langley Memorial Aeronautical Laboratory (now called the NASA Langley Research Center) in Hampton, Va. Langley Research Center was named to honor Samuel Pierpont Langley, a competitor of the Wright brothers.

The CIA is located in Langley, Va. In addition, there currently are 10 field centers associated with NASA: Ames Research Center, Dryden Flight Research Center, Glenn Research Center, Goddard Space Flight Center, Jet Propulsion Laboratory, Johnson Space Center, Kennedy Space Center, Langley Research Center, Marshall

Continued on page 68

DA VINCI DECODED
Da Vinci
& The Code He Lived By
Sunday, December 4th 9pm/8c
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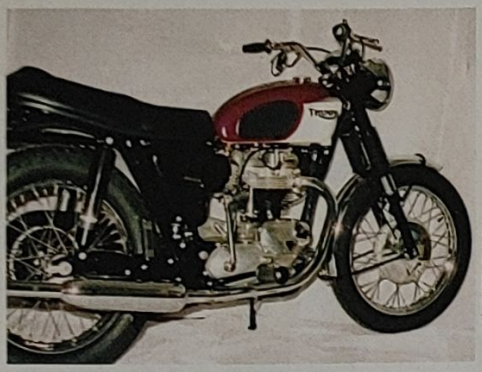
Continued from page 66

Space Flight Center, and Stennis Space Center. However, for a period of time in the late 1980s Dryden Flight Research Center was considered to be part of Ames Research Center, and Stennis was named a center in May 1988. While Bilstein's statement about NASA having eight field centers in 1988 may be technically correct prior to May 1988, it doesn't reflect current status.

Peter F. Jacobs
Hampton, Va.

The writer is senior engineer at NASA Langley Research Center.

Editor's note: Author Bilstein agrees with the writer: The reference to Langley should have read "Langley Field." The original NACA contingent there numbered about 11 people and occupied a corner of the Army aviation installation named Langley Field.



DAVID GOLDMAN

David Goldman's 1967 Triumph Bonneville.

A different 'bang'

In the "Modern Marvels" article "Five Bikes with a Bang" (May/June 2005), the Triumph Bonneville shown is a 1967 T 120 R, not a 1959.

I appreciate the error as I own a 1967 model, and 1959 was the first year for the Bonneville. I believe the model brought a new high at the Daytona Auction last year with a sale price of more than $20,000.

The bike shown is a late 1967; it has the Amal concentric carbs. The color of the tank was aubergine and white.

David Goldman
Chagrin Falls, Ohio

Facts is facts

Several members of THE HISTORY CHANNEL CLUB wrote in to object to an item in "Gazette" (May/June 2005) that claimed that the state of Ohio has sent seven natives to the White House, more than any other state. Member Bernie Kerrick of Kingsport, Tenn., claims the honor "mother of presidents" should rightly go to his native state of Virginia. He is correct that eight presidents were born in what is now Virginia; however, five of those eight were born before there was a United States.

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We Welcome Your Contributions

Every issue of THE HISTORY CHANNEL MAGAZINE offers its own "magazine within a magazine" written or inspired by you—the members of THE HISTORY CHANNEL CLUB. This is where readers view history through your eyes, through accounts of your brushes with historical figures or events, descriptions of your heroes, or tales of your ancestors, and it's where we answer your history-related questions. We especially welcome your photographs, but please do not send these precious items to us—send digital photos or photocopies instead, including complete identification of the subject. We'll contact you for the originals if we select your contribution for publication.

Submitting to History Alive

See the categories and the word counts at right. Send your contributions by e-mail if possible to historyalive@thehistorychannelclub.com and enter into the "subject" line the category you're submitting to. Or send typewritten manuscripts to: (Subject Category), THE HISTORY CHANNEL MAGAZINE, P.O. Box 3485, Minnetonka, MN 55343-2185. Please include your name, member number, daytime phone number, and your city and state. Writers of essays we publish will receive a cash award.

Your chances of being published increase if your story has broad appeal, is factually accurate and well written, meets the criteria for publication, and has a great picture to accompany it. We will edit all items for length and clarity. We apologize, but because of the high volume of mail we receive we cannot respond to all submissions.

Categories and word counts

Ask the Editors The editors of THE HISTORY CHANNEL MAGAZINE answer your American history questions. (about 30 words)

Ancestors Do you have an ancestor who played an interesting role in American history? Tell us about him or her. (500-1,000 words)

Heroes Got a hero from American history who has special meaning for you? Tell us why. (500-1,000 words)

I Was There Did you witness a historical event? Tell us about it. (500-1,000 words)

Member Letters Send us your comments on a story or stories you've read in the magazine. (up to 200 words)

My Story How did you come to be so interested in American history? Tell us how history has affected you. (150-600 words)

Write the Caption Suggest a caption to the historical photo published in each issue. (up to 40 words)

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Is This a Line, Boys?

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LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

The Real Story

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

From the July/August issue: Grace Stockman poses with President Andrew Jackson's dueling pistols at the National Museum, 1926.

Editors' Picks

The evolution of the bullet-bra.

Julie Jones
Mishawaka, Ind.

Like I said, sweetie: You are going to marry me. You can go to church on your feet or on your back. Time to choose.

Chris Kinsel
Lafayette, Calif.

New bra designs attempted to answer crime problems in Prohibition-era New York.

Chuck Kubin
Denver, Colo.

If you feel lucky, go ahead and give me your political opinion.

Peggy Feltrope
Eureka Springs, Ark.

Mrs. Smith, after cleaning the third time, takes position behind the sofa to see who is eating crackers in the living room.

Mike Schneider
Cincinnati, Ohio

Carol's husband has become a much better listener.

Adam Nathan Yancey
San Dimas, Calif.

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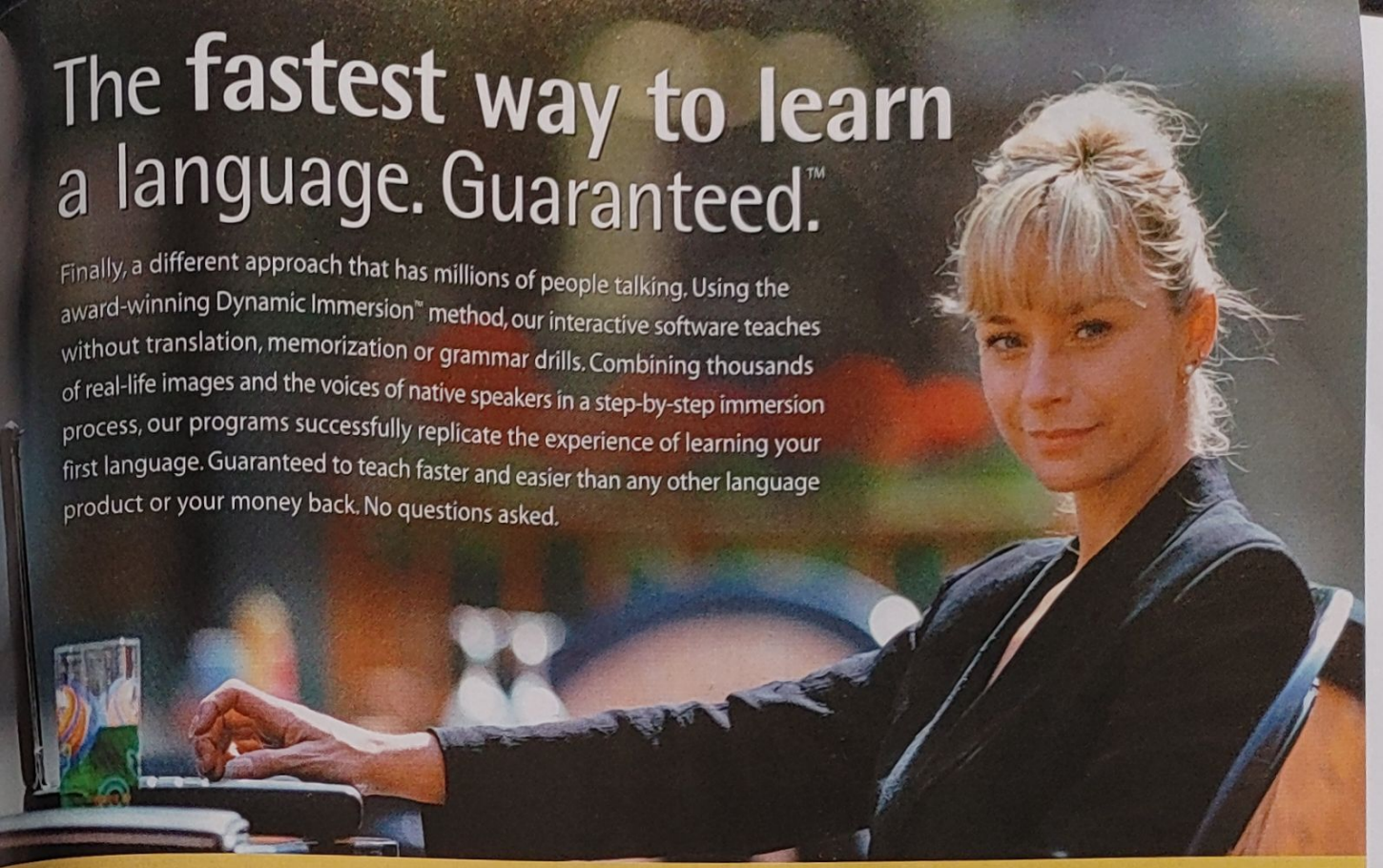

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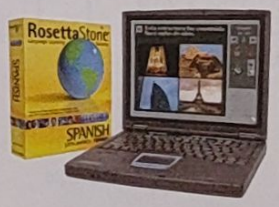

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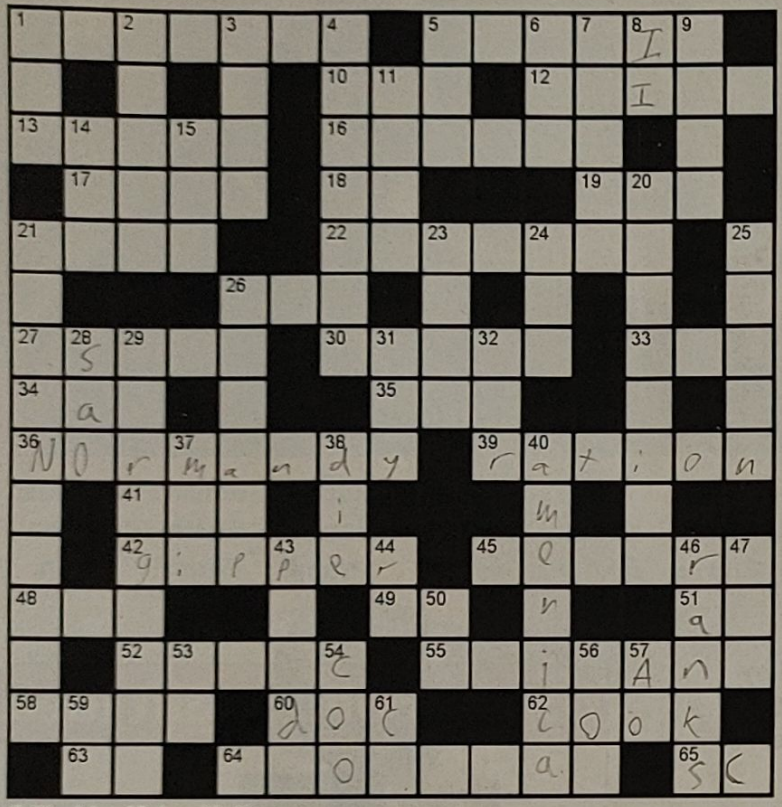
History Alive

CROSSWORD

Test your knowledge of the Sept/Oct issue



Edited by Myles Mellor

ACROSS

1 Colonial livestock breed

5 Hookworm result

10 British special forces group formed in WW II

12 Texas county formed in 1870

13 Cuba crop

16 Brigadier general at Hormigueros

17 Lonely fish?

18 Cry of discovery

19 Environmental agency

21 Evaluate

22 Mystery triangle

26 Famous political figure

27 WW II victory symbol

30 Surgeon general concerned about U.S. troops bringing home tropical diseases at the beginning of the 20th century

33 President Jimmy Carter's daughter

34 For hearing

35 Cleopatra's chosen killer

36 Beach invasion that signaled Hitler's end

39 Army food

41 "I think, therefore ___ ___": Descartes

42 Ronald Reagan nickname

45 Midnight rider

48 A Khan

49 Symbol for the element niobium

51 State where Martin Luther King Jr. was married

52 Site of Spanish settlement in the 1730s in future Arizona

55 Mexican American

58 Links

60 Dentist turned gambler and gunslinger, Holliday

62 British navigator killed in Hawaii

63 "Luxury sedan"

64 Topic of *New York Sun*'s fictitious series (2 words)

65 Battle of Port Royal happened in this state (abbr.)

DOWN

1 Group working at home to back up the war effort in WW II (abbr.)

2 Metal bar

3 Facts and traditions

4 ___ Island swine: livestock brought to America by the Spanish

5 One of the largest trees in the world

6 Historical period

7 Lion's locks

8 Roman "2"

9 Spanish trailblazer of the 1770s

11 Dull pain

14 Land of the free

15 Malted barley drink

20 Hookworm is a ___

21 Townshend legislation that imposed duties on glass, colored pigments, lead, paper, and tea (2 words)

23 Cool wheels

24 Roman pot

25 Central American civilization

26 To set up temporary quarters for an army

28 ___ Paulo, Brazil

29 Bring water

31 Cry of pleasure

32 Month of attack on Fort Sumter (abbr.)

37 May, in Paris

38 Perish

40 Named for Vespucci

43 Spanish museum

44 Nurse (abbr.)

46 General, lieutenant, etc.

47 1970s rock group

50 Pre-Christian era

53 ___ Grant (initials)

54 Dove call

56 1920 presidential candidate (FDR was his running mate)

57 Aerial observer (abbr.)

59 21st state (abbr.)

61 Credit note, for short

How well do you remember what you read in the September/October issue of THE HISTORY CHANNEL MAGAZINE? Try the crossword, referring back to the issue if you get stumped. Then check your answers (no peeking!) by going online to www.thehistorychannelclub.com/crossword.pdf.

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50	$38	$69	$133
55	$57	$106	$208
60	$83	$157	$311
65	$135	$257	$510
70	$220	$429	$853

Best Rates for Males

Age	$500,000	$1,000,000	$2,000,000
35	$14	$21	$37
40	$18	$30	$56
45	$27	$47	$89
50	$40	$75	$144
55	$65	$124	$242
60	$103	$198	$390
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